No.13
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
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BAT MAN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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Boys and girls! Would you like to see your own book reviews printed on this page? Would you like to win cash prizes? Here's your chance!

The list of books below has been suggested by Mrs. Grace E. Cartmell, Supt. of Work with Children, of the Queensboro Public Library. Young people in her library have read them and liked them. Get one of these books from *your* library, send me a review of it in less than 200 words. The winning review will appear in this magazine, and the writer will receive a $5.00 prize. You can win!

Send your review to me in care of this magazine, 480 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C. Print your name and address plainly.

JOSETTE FRANK

Young Mac of Fort Vancouver.....By Mary Jane Carr
Black Stallion.....By Walter Farley
Juneau the Sleigh Dog.....By West Lathrop
Citadel of a Hundred Stairways.....By Alida Malkus
Black Fire.....By Covelle Newcomb
Way Down Cellar.....By Phil Stong
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Happy Landing.....By Leonora M. Weber
Haven for the Brave.....By Elizabeth Yates
The Last of the Gauchos.....By Thames Williamson

THE WONDER BOOK OF THE AIR.

By C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman
with an introduction by Bernt Balchen

Why does an airplane fly? What is different about a glider? What about autogiros? What kinds of planes are there especially made for carrying mails, for crossing vast oceans, for transport and for war?

All these and hundreds of other questions that most boys ask are answered in this book. It covers everything about flying—the planes and how they operate, the air-routes and how they are mapped, the pilots and how they are chosen and trained, the air heroes of peace and of war and their daring exploits, the marvels of aircraft radio, and the most modern uses of fighters, bombers and pursuit planes in this war.

There are exciting stories, too, of man's early attempts to fly and the many experiments and disasters that led to the development from balloons to wings. Many of the famous flights of history are described in thrilling accounts.

One whole chapter tells about the instruments in the pilot's cabin; another describes the different types of motor—"the heart of the airplane."

About two hundred photographs illustrate the book and add greatly to its interest. Any boy or girl who wants to know about modern airplanes as well as the romance of man's conquest of the air, will find it all in this book.

Ask for it at your library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE
(Code Venus No. 2)

K PGGF COGTKEC. COGTKEC PGFFU AQW. FQ AQWT DKV!

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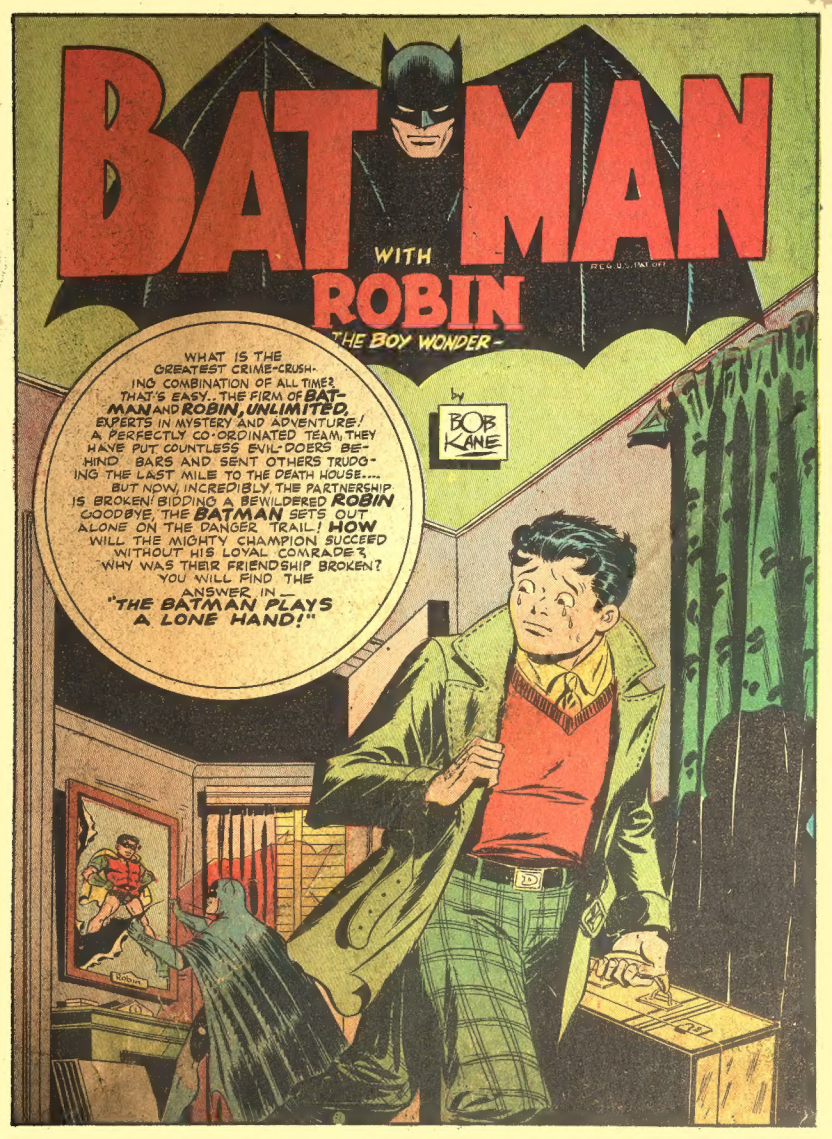
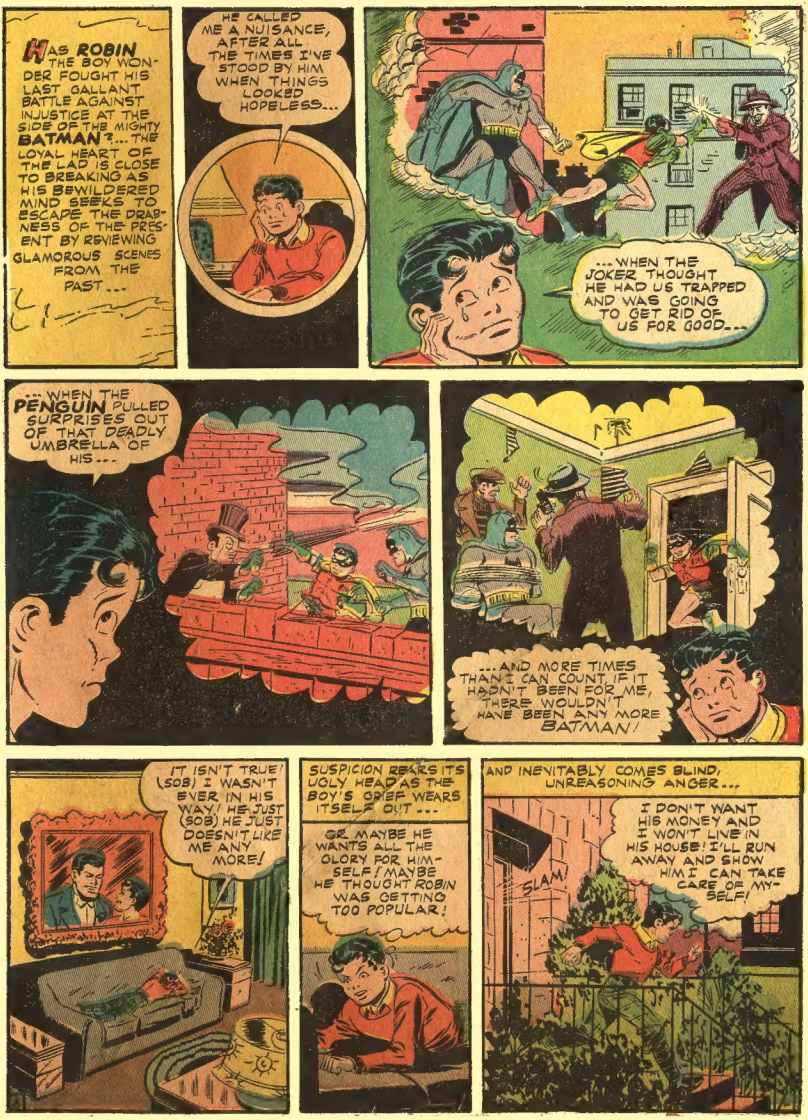
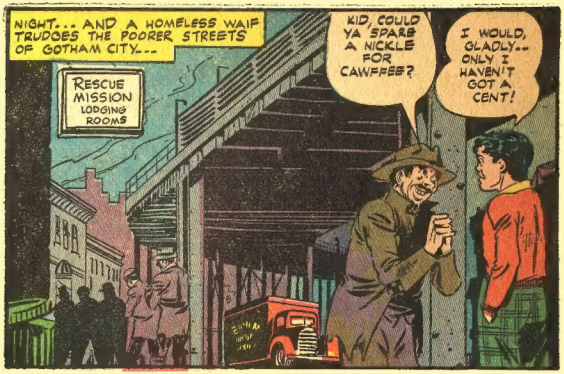

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
THE BOY WONDER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
by
BOB KANE
WHAT IS THE GREATEST CRIME-CRUSHING COMBINATION OF ALL TIME? THAT'S EASY.. THE FIRM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN, UNLIMITED, EXPERTS IN MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE! A PERFECTLY CO-ORDINATED TEAM, THEY HAVE PUT COUNTLESS EVIL-DOERS BEHIND BARS AND SENT OTHERS TRUDGING THE LAST MILE TO THE DEATH HOUSE.... BUT NOW, INCREDIBLY, THE PARTNERSHIP IS BROKEN! BIDDING A BEWILDERED ROBIN GOODBYE, THE BATMAN SETS OUT ALONE ON THE DANGER TRAIL! HOW WILL THE MIGHTY CHAMPION SUCCEED WITHOUT HIS LOYAL COMRADE? WHY WAS THEIR FRIENDSHIP BROKEN? YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWER IN — "THE BATMAN PLAYS A LONE HAND!"

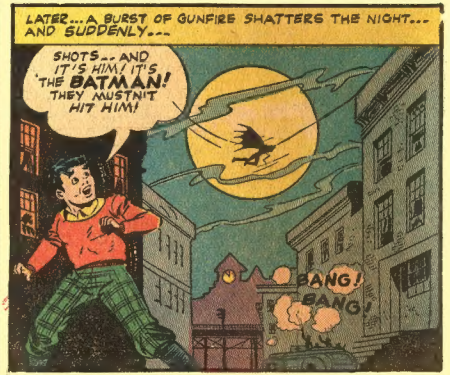
A SUITCASE IS PACKED IN THE BRUCE WAYNE HOME...
PACKING! WHERE ARE WE GOING, BRUCE?
WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE! DICK, YOU AND I HAVE GOT TO HAVE A FINAL UNDERSTANDING...
...AND DICK GRAYSON, BRUCE'S HITHERTO INSEPARABLE PAL, RECEIVES THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!
WE'RE PARTING COMPANY, DICK. FROM NOW ON THE BATMAN WORKS ALONE!
I--I DON'T GET IT... YOU'RE KIDDING, AREN'T YOU?
THAT'S ONE OF THE TROUBLES WITH YOU...YOU THINK LIFE IS FULL OF KIDDING THIS TIME I'M DEAD SERIOUS!
GEE, BRUCE.. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
I NEVER THOUGHT WE'D BREAK UP AFTER ALL OUR ADVENTURES... ALL THE TIMES WE'VE RISKED OUR LIVES TOGETHER, AND FOUGHT SIDE BY SIDE!
THAT'S ANOTHER REASON..
I'D BE FIGHTING CROOKS, AND HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR YOU AT THE SAME TIME!
..ULP!..IF I'D KNOWN YOU FELT LIKE THAT....
HIGH TIME I WAS GETTING RID OF THIS JUNK!
M-MY P-PICTURE!
FROM NOW ON YOU CAN GIVE MORE TIME TO SCHOOL WORK. IT ISN'T RIGHT FOR A KID LIKE YOU TO BE CHASING AROUND GETTING INTO FIGHTS!
YOU DON'T NEED TO SAY ANY MORE...
BUT WHEN DICK HAS LEFT THE ROOM ---
I DIDN'T LIKE TO SMASH IT, BUT I HAD TO MAKE THE KID UNDERSTAND... I'LL JUST KEEP THIS!
WELL, SO LONG, YOUNGSTER! I'VE LEFT MONEY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND MAYBE WE'LL RUN ACROSS EACH OTHER AGAIN SOMETIME!
GOODBYE!


HAS ROBIN THE BOY WONDER FOUGHT HIS LAST GALLANT BATTLE AGAINST INJUSTICE AT THE SIDE OF THE MIGHTY BATMAN?... THE LOYAL HEART OF THE LAD IS CLOSE TO BREAKING AS HIS BEWILDERED MIND SEEKS TO ESCAPE THE DRABNESS OF THE PRESENT BY REVIEWING GLAMOROUS SCENES FROM THE PAST...
HE CALLED ME A NUISANCE, AFTER ALL THE TIMES I'VE STOOD BY HIM WHEN THINGS LOOKED HOPELESS...
...WHEN THE JOKER THOUGHT HE HAD US TRAPPED AND WAS GOING TO GET RID OF US FOR GOOD...
...WHEN THE PENGUIN PULLED SURPRISES OUT OF THAT DEADLY UMBRELLA OF HIS...
...AND MORE TIMES THAN I CAN COUNT, IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME, THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANY MORE BATMAN!
IT ISN'T TRUE! (SOB) I WASN'T EVER IN HIS WAY! HE JUST (SOB) HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE ME ANY MORE!
SUSPICION BEARS ITS UGLY HEAD AS THE BOY'S GRIEF WEARS ITSELF OUT...
OR MAYBE HE WANTS ALL THE GLORY FOR HIMSELF! MAYBE HE THOUGHT ROBIN WAS GETTING TOO POPULAR!
AND INEVITABLY COMES BLIND, UNREASONING ANGER...
I DON'T WANT HIS MONEY AND I WON'T LIVE IN HIS HOUSE! I'LL RUN AWAY AND SHOW HIM I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF!
SLAM!


NIGHT... AND A HOMELESS WAIF TRUDGES THE POORER STREETS OF GOTHAM CITY...
RESCUE MISSION LODGING ROOMS
KID, COULD YA SPARE A NICKLE FOR CAWFFEE?
I WOULD, GLADLY... ONLY I HAVEN'T GOT A CENT!

A SEARCHLIGHT BEAM STABS UPWARD, PAINTING A FAMILIAR SYMBOL AGAINST THE BLACK SKY...
COMMISSIONER GORDON'S SIGNAL! HE NEEDS THE BATMAN AND ROB-- I MEAN, THE BATMAN!

JIMMINY--TH' BATMAN'S GOIN' OUT AFTER SOME CROOKS!
AIN'T ROBIN A LUCKY KID TO BE WITH HIM?
LUCKY, EH? IF THEY ONLY KNEW!


LATER... A BURST OF GUNFIRE SHATTERS THE NIGHT... AND SUDDENLY...
SHOTS-- AND IT'S HIM! IT'S THE BATMAN! THEY MUSTN'T HIT HIM!
BANG! BANG!

BUT THE NEXT INSTANT, THE THRILL THAT TINGLED THROUGH DICK IS CRUSHED BENEATH THE CRUELEST BLOW OF ALL!
WHA--? ANOTHER BOY IN A UNIFORM LIKE MINE, WORKING WITH THE BATMAN!--... BUT IT CAN'T BE! IT CAN'T BE!

SCALDING TEARS BLIND THE STRICKEN YOUNGSTER!
HE'S GOT ANOTHER ROBIN! THAT'S WHY HE WANTED TO GET RID OF ME!

BET THAT LITTLE BRAT HASN'T A BRAIN IN HIS HEAD!.. BET I COULD LICK HIM WITH ONE HAND!

A FELLOW'S GOT TO EAT... AND MY TWO-WAY RADIO IS THE ONLY THING I CAN RAISE MONEY ON...
UNCLE PAT PAWN SHOP

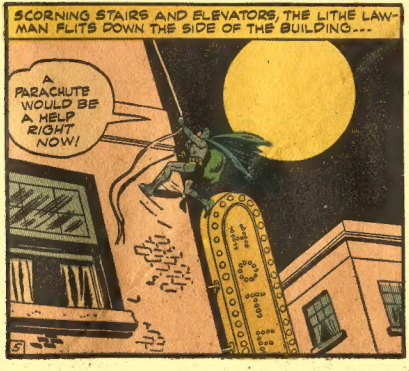
SO THE LAST LINK BETWEEN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN IS BROKEN...
I WON'T BE NEEDING IT ANY MORE... WHAT CAN I GET FOR IT?
HMMM.. RADIOS DON'T BRING MUCH THESE DAYS..AND THIS IS A VERY ODD ONE. HMMMM...

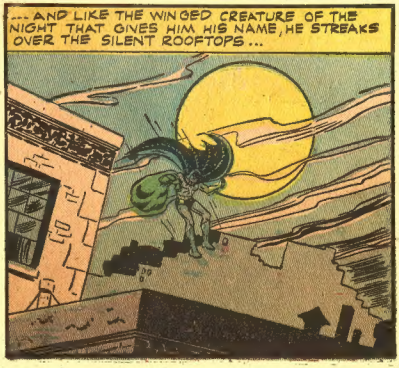
SIX--SEVEN--EIGHT--I'D BETTER MAKE THIS LAST, BECAUSE THERE WON'T BE ANY MORE TILL I FIND A JOB!

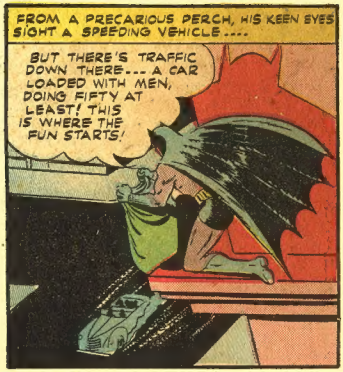
MEANWHILE, LET US TURN THE CLOCK BACKWARD AN HOUR AND SEE THE RESULT OF THAT SEARCH-LIGHT SUMMONS TO THE BATMAN.
THIS IS THE BATMAN, COMMISSIONER... WHAT'S UP?

THANK GOODNESS YOU CALLED RIGHT AWAY! THE THUMB AND HIS MOB TRIED TO KILL THE MAYOR! THEY GOT AWAY, HEADING FOR SOUTH RIVER!
I'M STARTING RIGHT NOW! GOOD-BYE!

SHUCKING HIS OUTER GARMENTS BRUCE STANDS REVEALED AS THE AWE-INSPIRING, CRIME-SMASHING BATMAN!
HE'LL BE A SORE THUMB IF I CATCH HIM!

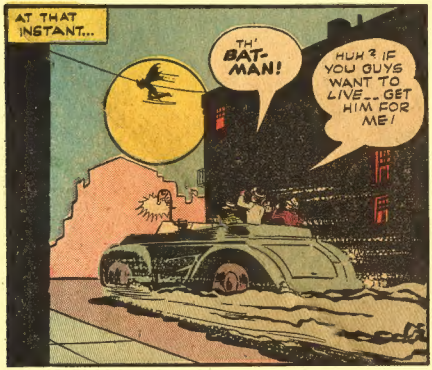

SCORNING STAIRS AND ELEVATORS, THE LITHE LAW-MAN FLITS DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING---
A PARACHUTE WOULD BE A HELP RIGHT NOW!

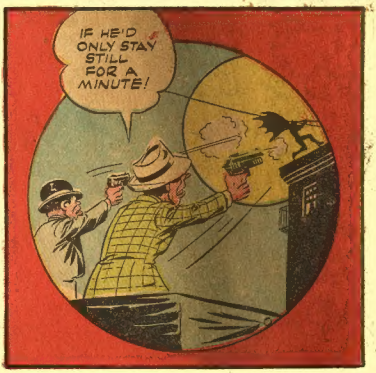

---AND LIKE THE WINGED CREATURE OF THE NIGHT THAT GIVES HIM HIS NAME, HE STREAKS OVER THE SILENT ROOFTOPS...


FROM A PRECARIOUS PERCH, HIS KEEN EYES SIGHT A SPEEDING VEHICLE....
BUT THERE'S TRAFFIC DOWN THERE--- A CAR LOADED WITH MEN, DOING FIFTY AT LEAST! THIS IS WHERE THE FUN STARTS!

THE THUMB, DAPPER DESPERADO WHO SEEKS TO SPREAD A REIGN OF TERROR OVER GOTHAM CITY, SCOLDS HIS HENCHMEN...
THERE WAS THE MAYOR NOT TWENTY FEET AWAY, AND YOU MISSED HIM!
BUT HIS BODYGUARDS WERE SHOOTIN' AT US!

NO ALIBIS!
I'LL SHOW YOU HOW YOU SHOULD HAVE DONE IT!
DON'T, THUMB! WE'LL DO BETTER NEXT TIME!


AT THAT INSTANT...
TH' BAT-MAN!
HUH? IF YOU GUYS WANT TO LIVE--GET HIM FOR ME!


IF HE'D ONLY STAY STILL FOR A MINUTE!

STOP THE CAR! THE KID IS THE ONE I REALLY WANT!
WITH TH' KID GONE, TH' BATMAN WILL GO CRAZY!

AS THE MACHINE GUN CHATTERS, THE SMALL FIGURE SHUDDERS, THEN DROPS SICKENINGLY!
GOT HIM! NOW THE BATMAN WILL KNOW I MEAN BUSINESS!
I'D FEEL BETTER IF YOU'D GOT TH' BATMAN, TOO!
RAT-TAT-TAT...
TAT-TAT...
6

LIKE A PLUNGING METEOR, THE BLACK-CLAD WARRIOR ATTACKS WHILE BULLETS STILL PLOP INTO THE CRUMPLED FORM...
SO YOU'D MURDER CHILDREN-- YOU RATS!
DIDN'T I SAY HE'D GO CRAZY?
YEAH-- BUT IT DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!
HERE'S WHERE I THUMB A RIDE!
KILL HIM, YOU FOOLS!
EL
IF I'M CROWDING YOU, THIS WILL GIVE YOU MORE ROOM!
HELP!
I'LL NEED A LOT OF SPACE FOR THIS NEXT OPERATION!
YOU'LL GET SPACE.. SIX FEET DOWN!
THUMB'S DOWN!
HOW D'YA LIKE THEM APPLES?
HUH???

BEFORE THE STUNNED CHAMPION CAN RECOVER, THE THUMB AND HIS HIRELINGS HAVE FLED...
NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM--BUT I'LL FIND THEIR HIDEOUT IF IT TAKES A LIFETIME!
THAT SHOOTING WILL BRING THE COPS! STEP ON IT!
SLOWLY, THE BATMAN APPROACHES THE BULLET-RIDDLED FIGURE ON THE SIDEWALK...
KILLERS WHO WOULD DELIBERATELY MURDER A BOY DON'T DESERVE THE SLIGHTEST CONSIDERATION!
HIS MUSCULAR SHOULDERS SHAKE AS HE CRADLES THE STILL FORM IN HIS ARMS...BUT WHAT'S THIS? HE'S LAUGHING!!
TOWING THIS DUMMY BEHIND ME WITH A WIRE CERTAINLY FOOLED THEM! WHILE THEY BLASTED AT IT, I HAD A CHANCE TO TACKLE THEM BY SURPRISE!
THERE IS NO LAUGHTER IN THE SECRET STRONGHOLD OF THE THUMB, HOWEVER...
THE BATMAN WON'T GIVE US A MINUTE'S PEACE FROM NOW ON! I'LL NEVER GET THIS TOWN UNDER MY THUMB WHILE HE'S ALIVE!
YEAH--WE GOTTA POLISH HIM OFF--BUT HOW?
WE DON'T WANT ANOTHER FIGHT--HE CAN MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING AND HIT LIKE A THUNDERBOLT!
YA DON'T HAVE TO WISE US UP TO WHAT WE ALREADY KNOW!
I'VE GOT IT! WE'LL HAVE HIM PAY US A SOCIAL CALL!
HAVE YA GONE BATTY?
SNAP!
NEXT MORNING...
HMMM! A TRAP, OF COURSE... BUT IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE TO LOCATE THE THUMB BEFORE HE CARRIES OUT ANY MORE OF HIS MURDEROUS SCHEMES!
ADVERTISEMENT: BATMAN! INTERESTING INFORMATION AWAITS YOU AT 44 ARDLES ST. --A FRIEND.
MEANWHILE, AT THE THUMB'S HIDEOUT, PREPARATIONS ARE MADE TO RECEIVE THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR...
TH' THUMB'S WATCHIN' THE BACK DOOR AN' MONK, TH' FRONT, AN' I'M UP HERE IN CASE HE TRIES ANY AERIAL TRICKS... TH' POOR SAP AIN'T GOT A CHANCE!
8

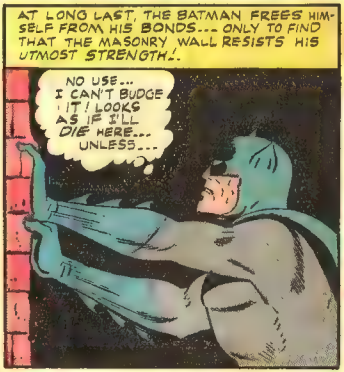
A PEDDLER AT THE KITCHEN DOOR FINDS AN UNPROMISING PROSPECT...
I'M THE FILLER BRUSH MAN!
NO SALE! SWEEP YOURSELF ON YOUR WAY!
YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF THAT SIMPLY!
SAY... ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING?
I INSIST ON DEMONSTRATING THE NEWEST WRINKLES IN HOUSECLEANING!
MONK! SLASHER! HE'S HERE!
FLINGING ASIDE HIS DISGUISE, THE BATMAN GIRDS FOR BATTLE...
I'LL MOP UP THE WHOLE GANG OF YOU!
MAKE IT A GOOD JOB... HERE'S SOME SOAP!
BONG
NO SOAP!
SOAP
THEN PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO START WITH THE CELLAR!
HOW'D HE GET IN?
WHA...?
DOWN-STAIRS! AFTER HIM, YOU GUYS!
FILLER BRUSHES
THE FORCE OF THE FALL STUNS THE BATMAN...
GRAB HIM BEFORE HE COMES TO!
AND WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS RETURNS...
WHERE AM I?
IN OUR GUEST ROOM, NICE AND COZY WITH ALL YOUR PRETTY BRUSHES!
9

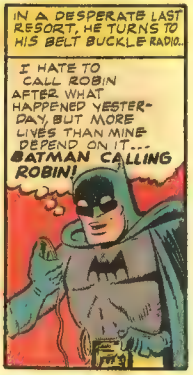
WHILE YOU'RE STARVING BY INCHES, REMEMBER THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D HEEDED MY WARNING!

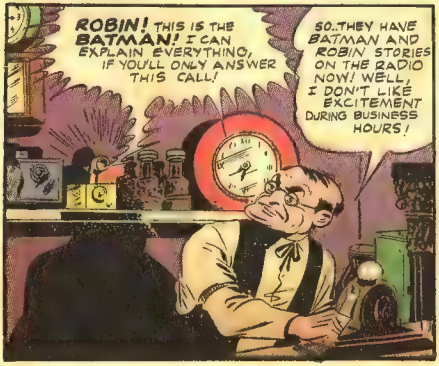
THE LAST BLOCK IS CEMENTED IN PLACE, LEAVING THE PRISONER ENTOMBED IN CLAMMY DARKNESS...
NO WEAPONS OR TOOLS EXCEPT THOSE BRUSHES... I WONDER...?

THIS ONE HAS WIRE BRISTLES... IN TIME I SUPPOSE THEY'D OUTLAST ROPE FIBERS...

THEN BEGINS A SLOW, AGONIZING STRUGGLE...
WHEW! IF ONLY MY WRIST DOESN'T WEAR OUT BEFORE THE ROPE DOES...


AT LONG LAST, THE BATMAN FREES HIMSELF FROM HIS BONDS... ONLY TO FIND THAT THE MASONRY WALL RESISTS HIS UTMOST STRENGTH!
NO USE... I CAN'T BUDGE IT! LOOKS AS IF I'LL DIE HERE... UNLESS...


IN A DESPERATE LAST RESORT, HE TURNS TO HIS BELT BUCKLE RADIO...
I HATE TO CALL ROBIN AFTER WHAT HAPPENED YESTERDAY, BUT MORE LIVES THAN MINE DEPEND ON IT... BATMAN CALLING ROBIN!


ROBIN! THIS IS THE BATMAN! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING, IF YOU'LL ONLY ANSWER THIS CALL!
SO..THEY HAVE BATMAN AND ROBIN STORIES ON THE RADIO NOW! WELL, I DON'T LIKE EXCITEMENT DURING BUSINESS HOURS!

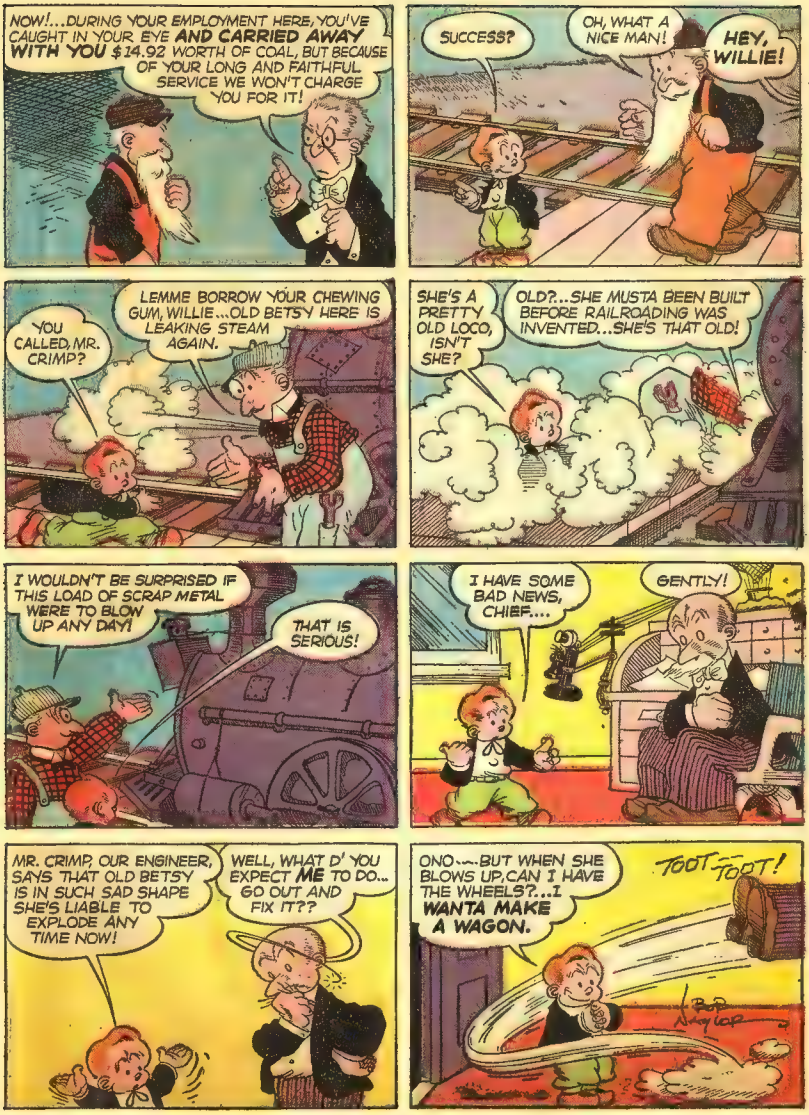
NOW THINGS WILL BE MORE PEACEFUL!
...I'M IN TROUBLE IN A BASEMENT AT..CLICK!

FAR FROM THE SOUND OF THE PAWNED RADIO, THE BATMAN'S LAST HOPE TREADS A WEARY TRAIL OF DISAPPOINMENT.
NOBODY'LL HIRE ME! IF I HAD THE BATMAN'S RE-COMMENDATION... BUT HE DOESN'T GIVE A HOOT ABOUT ME!
LUNCH ROOM
DISHWASHER WANTED
DISILLUSIONED AS THE BOY IS, HIS PULSE LEAPS AS HE OVERHEARS A FAMILIAR NAME.
HUH? THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT HIM!
HAW, HAW! I GET A KICK, WHEN I THINK HOW TH' THUMB FIXED TH' BAT-MAN!
HE WON'T MAKE NO MORE TROUBLE, BURIED IN THAT CELLAR!
DISHWASHER WANTED
OKAY... START WORKIN'!... THE KITCHEN'S THIS WAY!-??
THE BATMAN... DEAD...
OH... NEVER MIND!
WITH HIM DEAD, WE'LL SQUEEZE MILLIONS OUTA THIS TOWN!
GRIEF AND SEARING ANGER BOIL WITHIN DICK'S BREAST AS HE TRAILS THE THUGS, A SMALL BUT DAUNTLESS AVENGER---
HIS FIRST CASE WITHOUT ME TO HELP--AND HE FAILED! I'LL BET THAT OTHER KID LET HIM DOWN!
I'M GLAD I KEPT MY UNI-FORM WITH ME... NOW THEY'LL KNOW WHO'S GETTING EVEN WITH THEM!
NO THOUGHT OF PERSONAL DANGER ENTERS THE LOYAL MIND OF ROBIN AS HE ENTERS UPON HIS HAZ-ARDOUS ROLE---
THREE OF THEM-- ALL ARMED! BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH IF THEY DO KILL ME, NOW THAT HE'S GONE---
THREE "WISE GUYS" GET THE SCARE OF THEIR CROOKED LIVES---
I'M HERE TO EVEN THINGS UP FOR THE BATMAN!
HEY... I KILLED YOU MYSELF!
IT'S A GHOST!
BUT BOYISH FURY IS HELPLESS AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING STRENGTH OF GROWN MEN... AND THE BATTLE LASTS ONLY SECONDS---
YOU LITTLE WILDCAT-- YOU'VE FOUGHT YOUR LAST FIGHT!
WHY DON'T YOU FIGHT FAIR?
HE'S GOT A PUNCH LIKE A PILE-DRIVER!
11

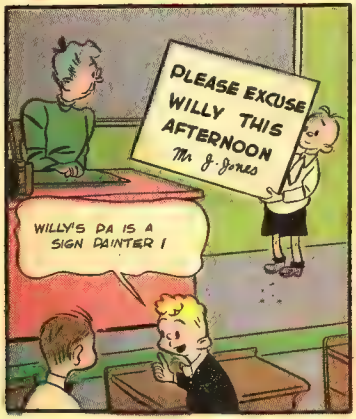
IN THE CELLAR...
SO THIS IS WHERE YOU BURIED HIM!
I BEEN CHISELIN' ALL MY LIFE --- BUT NOT THIS WAY!
CHEER UP, KID... YOU'LL BE WITH HIM IN A SECOND!
I'LL HAVE A HOLE BIG ENOUGH TO PUT TH' KID THROUGH IN A JIFFY--AN' THIS TIME HE'LL STAY PUT!
HE'S COMIN' THROUGH! GET HIM, MONK!
I'M GETTIN' HIM!
YOU IDIOT! YOU'RE SHOOTING AT ME!
ABRUPTLY, AN EXPLOSIVE FIST BLASTS THROUGH THE WALL...
BATMAN! YOU'RE ALIVE!
THIS IS THE END OF THE MONK!
THANKS, ROBIN! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D HAVE DONE IF...
GET THE THUMB! I CAN'T LOOK OUT FOR BOTH OF US!
THUMBS DOWN ON THE BATMAN!
THE WARDEN AT THE STATE PRISON IS GOING TO HAVE A SORE THUMB FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!
AAAHHH-H-H-H-H...
WITH THE PASSING OF PERIL, A MEMORY OF INJUSTICE RETURNS TO ROBIN...
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, ROBIN, I WOULDN'T BE WRAPPING THIS BUNDLE FOR THE BIG HOUSE!
WELL---YOU WON'T BE NEEDING ME ANY MORE...
12

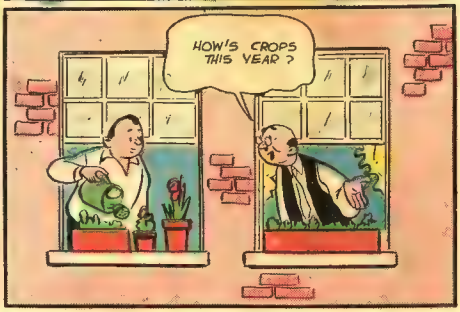
GUESS I'LL MAKE A NUISANCE OF MYSELF SOMEWHERE ELSE!
WAIT--YOU KNOW I'D RATHER LOSE BOTH ARMS THAN YOU!
BUT YOU WANT TO WORK ALONE! REMEMBER?
DON'T BE AN IDIOT! READ THIS LETTER THE THUMB SENT TO COMMISSIONER GORDON...
AND THIS IS WHY YOU WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY?
WE KNOW THE BATMAN CAN'T BE SCARED, BUT WE THINK A LOT OF THAT BRAT ROBIN. TELL HIM TO LAY OFF, OR WE'LL PUT A PRICE ON HIS HEAD FOR THE KID AND SHOOT TO KILL!
Joe Thumb
BUT-- BUT YOU HAD ANOTHER KID WORKING WITH YOU!
A DUMMY.. I CONTROLLED WITH A WIRE.... I KNEW YOU'D BE SAFE IF THEY THOUGHT THEY'D KILLED YOU!
THEN YOU WERE THINKING OF ME ALL THE TIME!
OF COURSE! BUT IF YOU'D KNOWN THE TRUTH, YOU'D HAVE INSISTED ON GETTING INTO THE SCRAP!
LOUDER, PARTNER!
BRING ON YOUR TROUBLES, FOLKS! THERE'S NOTHING THE BATMAN AND I CAN'T TAKE CARE OF, NOW THAT WE'RE TEAMED UP AGAIN!
IT WAS TOUGH, SMASHING YOUR PICTURE-- BUT I PICKED IT UP AND CARRIED IT WITH ME...
GEE, BATMAN, I'M SO HAPPY, I-I'M GOING TO BAWL!
13
THE END

ROUND-HOUSE
Willie
SAY, WILLIE...I NEED ADVICE.
WHAT'S STIRRING, MR. NUGGINS?
I BEEN PUSHING THE OLD 999½ UP AN' DOWN THESE R.R. TRACKS FOR 75 YEARS AN' SOMETHING JUST OCCURRED TO ME...
GIVE.
I THOUGHT MAYBE I WAS DUE FOR A RAISE.
AFTER SEVENTY-FIVE (75) YEARS??
BY ALL MEANS, MR. N... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SPEAK TO OUR NEW EFFICIENCY EXPERT... HE HANDLES THE MONEY NOW.
DANDY!
ER...MR. SNITHERS... I THOUGHT I'D LIKE TO HAVE A RAISE... SORT OF...
LET'S HAVE THE PRO AND CON.
WELL...I BEEN ENGINEER ON THIS PIKE FOR 3/4 OF A CENTURY, AND....
75 YEARS BEHIND THE THROTTLE, EH? EVER GET A HUNK OF COAL IN YOUR EYE?
S-SOB!..
OH, YES!.. EVERY DAY!
HMMM, YES....75×365= SFNE:D×SNF...AH-H, YES!
SNF-...


NOW!...DURING YOUR EMPLOYMENT HERE, YOU'VE CAUGHT IN YOUR EYE AND CARRIED AWAY WITH YOU $14.92 WORTH OF COAL, BUT BECAUSE OF YOUR LONG AND FAITHFUL SERVICE WE WON'T CHARGE YOU FOR IT!
SUCCESS?
OH, WHAT A NICE MAN!
HEY, WILLIE!
YOU CALLED, MR. CRIMP?
LEMME BORROW YOUR CHEWING GUM, WILLIE...OLD BETSY HERE IS LEAKING STEAM AGAIN.
SHE'S A PRETTY OLD LOCO, ISN'T SHE?
OLD?...SHE MUSTA BEEN BUILT BEFORE RAILROADING WAS INVENTED...SHE'S THAT OLD!
I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THIS LOAD OF SCRAP METAL WERE TO BLOW UP ANY DAY!
THAT IS SERIOUS!
I HAVE SOME BAD NEWS, CHIEF....
GENTLY!
MR. CRIMP, OUR ENGINEER, SAYS THAT OLD BETSY IS IN SUCH SAD SHAPE SHE'S LIABLE TO EXPLODE ANY TIME NOW!
WELL, WHAT D' YOU EXPECT ME TO DO... GO OUT AND FIX IT??
ONO....BUT WHEN SHE BLOWS UP, CAN I HAVE THE WHEELS?...I WANTA MAKE A WAGON.
TOOT TOOT!
Bob Naylor

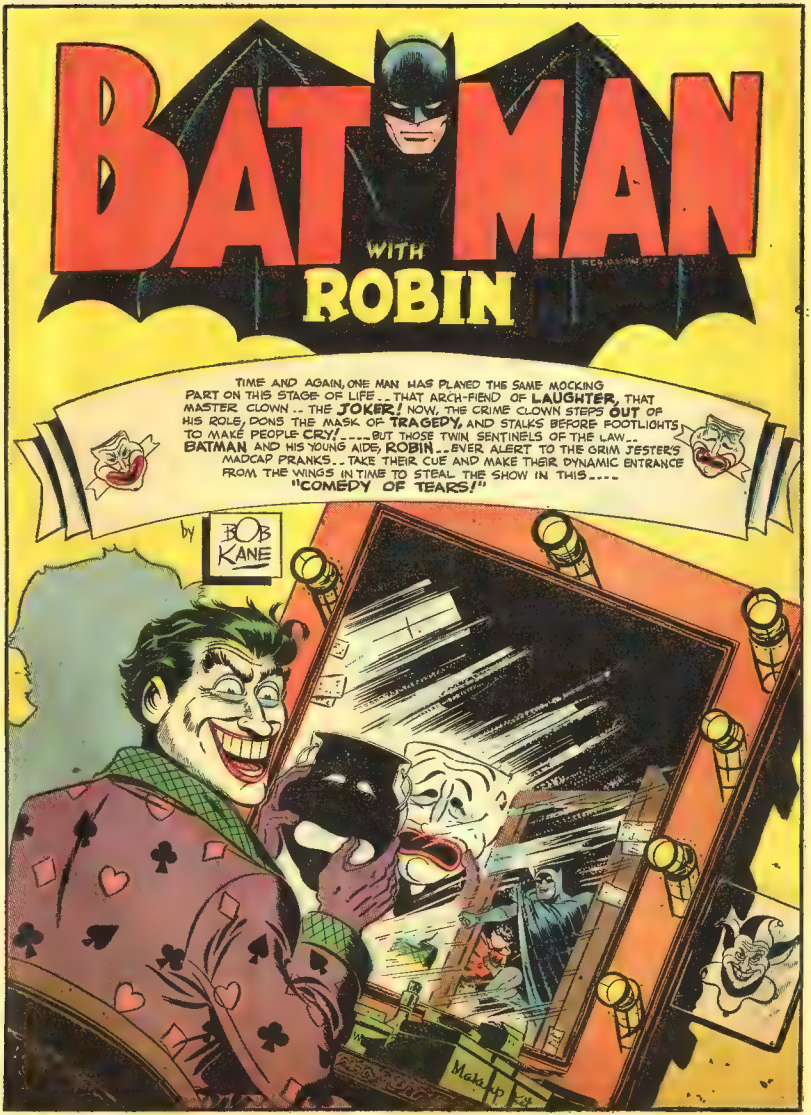
LAFFS





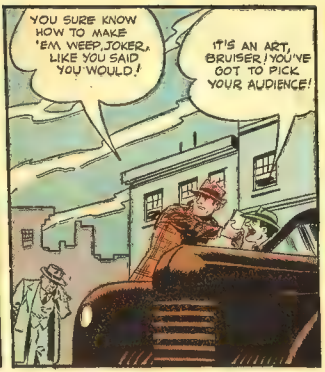
DOUBLE TROUBLE FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN !!

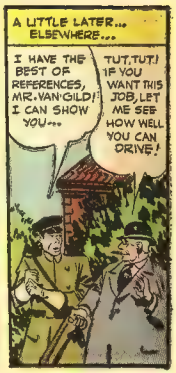
TWO-FACE! MODERN MAN OF MYSTERY! IS HE ONE MAN OR TWO? IS HE GOOD OR IS HE EVIL---OR DOES THE ANSWER LIE IN **HOW** YOU LOOK AT HIM? SOLVE THE RIDDLE FOR YOURSELF IN **OCTOBER** *DETECTIVE COMICS* --NOW ON SALE!

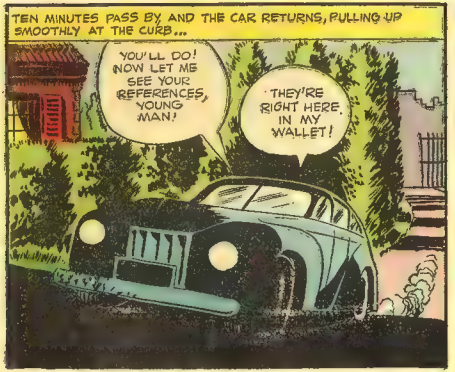

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
TIME AND AGAIN, ONE MAN HAS PLAYED THE SAME MOCKING PART ON THIS STAGE OF LIFE -- THAT ARCH-FIEND OF LAUGHTER, THAT MASTER CLOWN -- THE JOKER! NOW, THE CRIME CLOWN STEPS OUT OF HIS ROLE, DONS THE MASK OF TRAGEDY, AND STALKS BEFORE FOOTLIGHTS TO MAKE PEOPLE CRY! --- BUT THOSE TWIN SENTINELS OF THE LAW -- BATMAN AND HIS YOUNG AIDE, ROBIN -- EVER ALERT TO THE GRIM JESTER'S MADCAP PRANKS -- TAKE THEIR CUE AND MAKE THEIR DYNAMIC ENTRANCE FROM THE WINGS IN TIME TO STEAL THE SHOW IN THIS ---- "COMEDY OF TEARS!"
by BOB KANE
Make-up

EARLY ONE MORNING, AT THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON...
GOSH, WHAT A NIGHTMARE! I DREAMED I WAS FIGHTING THE JOKER!
YOUR DREAMS MAY SOON COME TRUE, DICK! THE JOKER'S LOOSE AGAIN!
PROPHETIC WORDS! FOR AT THAT VERY MOMENT THE GRIM JESTER IS GLOATING OVER THE NEWEST PRANK BORN OF HIS TWISTED BRAIN!
FOOLS! THEY CALL ME THE JOKER! BUT SOON THEY SHALL SEE ANOTHER SIDE OF ME!
THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM CITY IS STARTLED BY A SENSATIONAL BARRAGE OF BRAZEN MESSAGES! DOWNTOWN...
WHAT DOES HE MEAN?
MAYBE HE'S REFORMING!
THE CYPRESS
HE WILL PROVE IT... BY BRINGING TEARS TO YOUR EYES!
THE GREATEST CLOWN IN HISTORY IS ALSO THE GREATEST TRAGEDIAN!
THE JOKER GREETS YOU!
AND IN STILL ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY...
LOOKS LIKE MORE WORK FOR BATMAN AND ROBIN, IF YOU ASK ME!
YOU WERE RIGHT, BRUCE! BUT I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?
Comedy IS BUT THE OTHER FACE OF Tragedy
Comedy IS BUT THE OTHER FACE OF Tragedy
NEXT DAY, LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE LEAVES SCHOOL WITH A HAPPY GRIN...
BOY, OH BOY! THREE A'S THIS MONTH INSTEAD OF THREE D'S LAST TIME! GEE! WAIT'LL DAD SEES THIS!
REPORT CARD
MATH
ME WON'T SEE IT--BECAUSE I'M TAKING IT!
BOO-HOO! MY DAD'LL GIVE ME A SPANKING! HE'LL THINK I'M AFRAID TO SHOW MY REPORT CARD TO HIM!
MY FIRST SUCCESS IN MAKING PEOPLE CRY! HA! HA!
THAT SAME DAY, OLD JOE BRADY IS ABOUT TO CASH IN ON HIS FIRST PAY'S WORK IN A YEAR...
I GOT 100 PEOPLE IN THE SWANKY UP-TOWN DISTRICT TO SIGN THIS PETITION TO HAVE THE PARK COMMISSIONER REMOVED! AND HIS RIVAL PROMISED ME FIVE CENTS A NAME!

THAT MEANS I'VE EARNED FIVE DOLLARS... HEY, WHAT...
YOU LOOK TOO HAPPY! THE JOKER DON'T LIKE THAT! I'LL TAKE THAT PETITION!


YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO MAKE 'EM WEEP, JOKER, LIKE YOU SAID YOU WOULD!
IT'S AN ART, BRUISER! YOU'VE GOT TO PICK YOUR AUDIENCE!


A LITTLE LATER... ELSEWHERE...
I HAVE THE BEST OF REFERENCES, MR. VAN GILD! I CAN SHOW YOU...
TUT, TUT! IF YOU WANT THIS JOB, LET ME SEE HOW WELL YOU CAN DRIVE!


TEN MINUTES PASS BY, AND THE CAR RETURNS, PULLING UP SMOOTHLY AT THE CURB...
YOU'LL DO! NOW LET ME SEE YOUR REFERENCES, YOUNG MAN!
THEY'RE RIGHT HERE, IN MY WALLET!

YOU MEAN THEY WERE! TOODLE-OO!
HEY...

BUT I CAN'T LOCATE MY FORMER EMPLOYERS RIGHT AWAY! THEY'RE NOT IN TOWN!
SORRY, BUT I MUST HAVE REFERENCES! HOW DO I KNOW YOU WEREN'T IN CAHOOTS WITH THAT THIEF!
AND SO ANOTHER VICTIM SUCCUMBS TO THE JOKER'S WANTON WHIM!

AT BRUCE WAYNE'S HOME THAT EVENING...
THE JOKER'S MADE PEOPLE CRY, ALL RIGHT! BUT WHAT FOR, AND WHERE DO WE COME IN?
THERE MUST BE SOME REASON BEHIND IT ALL! WE'VE GOT TO BE READY WHEN THE JOKER SHOWS HIS HAND!
JOKER CRIMES LATEST CRY-BABY CRIMES

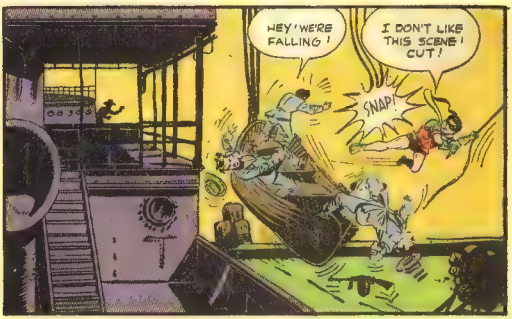
LET'S SEE... A KID'S REPORT CARD, A PETITION LIST, A CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCE PAPERS...
ROBIN... I'VE GOT IT! I SEE WHAT HE'S AFTER! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO SEE COMMISSIONER GORDON!
SNAP!

YES...THERE IS A METHOD BEHIND THE JOKER'S MADNESS! BATMAN HAS GUESSED THE SECRET OF THE CRY-BABY CRIMES. have you??

AT THE CRIME CLOWN'S HIDEOUT, BRAWNY HENCHMEN ARE PUZZLED, TOO...
JOKER, THAT WAS SOME RISK, JUST TO MAKE GUYS CRY!
FOOL! THAT'S WHAT I WANT PEOPLE TO THINK--TO COVER UP MY REAL AIM! I REALLY WANTED THAT REPORT CARD--IT HAS J.P. BLAKE'S SIGNATURE ON IT!
THIS PETITION HAS THE SIGNATURES OF WEALTHY, IMPORTANT MEN!.. AND THE CHAUFFEUR'S REFERENCES ARE SIGNED BY OUR BEST CITIZENS! NOW DO YOU SEE?
I GET IT! WE'RE GOING TO FORGE CHECKS AND CASH IN, EH?
NO, NOTHING AS RISKY AS THAT! I HAVE OTHER PLANS! LISTEN...
LATER, AT COLOSSAL STUDIOS, WHERE A SELECTED GALA CROWD IS CELEBRATING THE FILMING OF THE FINAL SCENES OF A GREAT EPIC....
OKAY! J.P. BLAKE'S PASS IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
Colossal Studios
IT WORKED, JOKER! THAT FORGED PASS GOT US IN! GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE TOMMY GUNS UNDER OUR COATS!
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! FIRST, RAID THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE STARS! THEN MEET ME ON THE LOT!
SET
MEANWHILE, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS....
THE JOKER PULLED THOSE JOBS TO OBTAIN SIGNATURES, I TELL YOU!
WHAT CAN WE DO...
A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION...
CHIEF, THE JOKER'S HOLDING UP THE COLOSSAL STUDIO'S CROWD! A GUARD MANAGED TO PHONE US!
SEE HOW IT FITS IN? LITTLE JOHNNY BLAKE'S FATHER IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF COLOSSAL! THEY FORGED HIS SIGNATURE!
WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

ON A LAVISH MOVIE SET, THE KING OF KNAVES IS DIRECTING HIS OWN CUNNING SCENE!
HURRY IT UP... WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
STEP RIGHT UP, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! DON'T BE BASHFUL! DROP ALL YOUR VALUABLES IN THE BAG, PLEASE! MY MEN IN THE LIFEBOATS HAVE YOU COVERED!

ABRUPTLY, LIKE A HUMAN PENDULUM, A SMALL CLOAKED FIGURE FLASHES DOWN FROM ABOVE!
TSK, TSK! WHAT BAD ACTING!


HEY! WE'RE FALLING!
I DON'T LIKE THIS SCENE! CUT!
SNAP!

YOU MEDDLESOME BRAT! I'LL SHOOT YOU, AND I DON'T MEAN WITH A CAMERA!

BUT THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE RECKONS WITHOUT HIS ARCH-NEMESIS!
YOUR DIRECTION IS POOR, JOKER! AND I MEAN THAT BOTH WAYS!

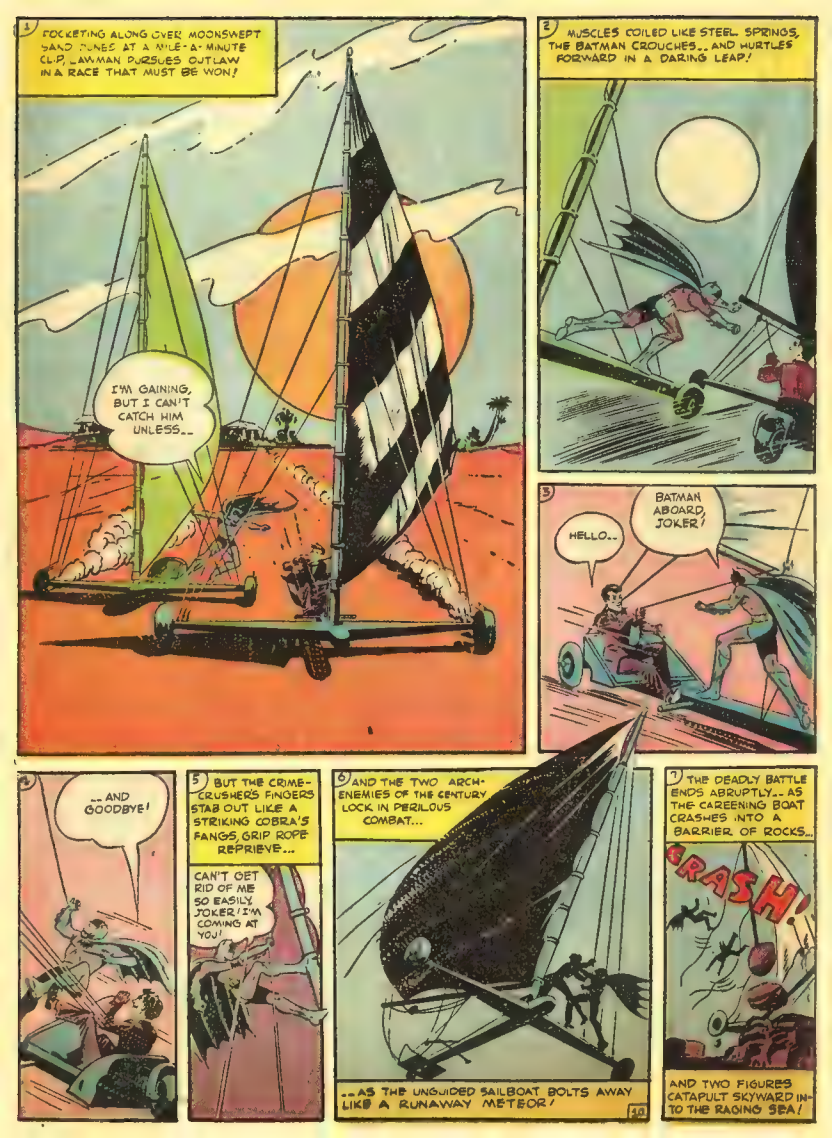
YOU COULD STAND MORE PUNCH IN YOUR SCENES, TOO!
POW!

BUT THE CRAFTY JOKER STILL HAS A TRICK LEFT!
NOTHING WRONG WITH MY FOOTWORK THOUGH, BATMAN!
UH!
YOU'VE SPOILED MY PLANS, BUT YOU HAVEN'T CAUGHT THE JOKER YET!
AND ROBIN? HE'S BUSY "STEALING" A SCENE IN AN EXPLOSIVE DRAMA AS REAL AS LIFE!
WHAT A LOVELY SET OF TEETH— YOU HAD....
YOU BRAT... I'LL FEED YOU LEAD....
WHAT WERE YOU SAYING...? I COULDN'T HEAR YOU!
WOW! WAIT'LL MY KID SEES THESE SHOTS OF THE BOY WONDER IN ACTION AGAINST THE JOKER'S MEN!
UP THE WINDING STEPS OF A MAN-MADE CLIFF USED FOR MOVIE ACTION SCENES RACE CRIME FIGHTER AND CRIMINAL.
HA! HERE'S WHERE I PUT ONE OVER ON THE BATMAN!
AT THE TOP....
ALL RIGHT, BATMAN. COME AND GET ME!
COMING, JOKER!

PLUNGING FORWARD TOO SWIFTLY TO STOP HIMSELF, THE BATMAN TRIPS OVER THE SUDDENLY-CROUCHED FORM OF HIS ADVERSARY!
CRACK!
HA!HA! HASTE MAKES WASTE, MY FRIEND! NOW THE JOKER IS ON TOP!
ACTING WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE CRIME CLOWN DELIVERS AN ULTIMATUM!
ROBIN, I'LL TRADE YOU... THE BATMAN'S LIFE FOR THOSE JEWELS! WELL?... THINK FAST! WHAT IS IT TO BE?
GOSH, I'M IN A SPOT! IF HE CUTS THAT ROPE, THE BATMAN WILL BE KILLED! WHAT'LL I DO??
JOKER... YOU WIN THIS TRICK!
ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN'S STRONG VOICE REECHOES THRU THE DEATHLY SILENCE. . . .
STOP!! ROBIN, THOSE ARE NOT OUR JEWELS TO BARGAIN WITH!
QUIET, FOOL, OR...
WITHOUT A WORD, THE BAT-CAPED FIGURE LUNGES FORWARD--NOT AT THE JOKER--BUT INTO THE EMPTY SPACE OF THE YAWNING CHASM!
THE STUPID IDEALIST! GIVING UP HIS OWN, WARM LIFE TO SAVE SOME COLD JEWELS! SOMEHOW I FEEL CHEATED BECAUSE HE WENT THAT WAY!
AND AS THE JOKER LEAPS AWAY... AN ANXIOUS BOY RACES TO THE RAVINE WITH A FEAR-STRANGLED HEART...
HE'S DEAD! I KNOW IT! OH, WHY DID HE DO IT? WHY?
IS THIS THE END OF THE BATMAN? HAS A FOOLHARDY GESTURE WRITTEN FINIS TO THE CAREER OF CRIME'S GREATEST FOE???
?

A STRANGE SIGHT GREETS ROBIN'S EYES!
I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THIS SAFETY NET THEY OFTEN USE ON SETS IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS! GUESS I FOOLED THE JOKER, EH?
WHEW! YOU HAD ME FOOLED, TOO!
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GET AFTER HIM!
HE'S GONE BY NOW, AND SO ARE HIS MEN! BUT LOOK AT WHAT ONE OF THOSE MUGGS DROPPED!
"PRETTY BOY" DUGAN WHO WILL BE ELECTROCUTED AT 11:15 TONIGHT UNLESS THE GOVERNOR GIVES HIM A LAST-MINUTE REPRIEVE!
HMM! THE JOKER MUST BE PLANNING SOME DIRTY WORK AT THE PRISON! ROBIN, THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR BUSY NIGHT!
Colossal Studio
LATER... A POWERFUL OFFICIAL SEDAN, FILLED WITH STATE TROOPERS, SCREECHES TO A HALT BEFORE THE GRIM WALLS OF STATE PRISON!
I MUST SPEAK TO THE WARDEN... IMMEDIATELY! I'M FROM THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE!
I'LL GET HIM RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN!
MOMENTS LATER...
THE GOVERNOR HAS REPRIEVED DUGAN AND WANTS US TO BRING HIM TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE FOR AN INTERVIEW! HERE ARE HIS ORDERS!
VERY WELL, I'LL PLACE HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY, CAPTAIN!
THE CONDEMNED KILLER SNATCHED FROM THE JAWS OF LEGAL DEATH, THE SEDAN ROARS AWAY!
WAIT'LL THEY LEARN WE FAKED THE GOVERNOR'S SIGNATURE! HA! HA!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO PAY YOU THE $100,000 MY LAWYER PROMISED, JOKER! I'D HAVE BEEN A GONER!
THE GRIM JESTER AND HIS MEN CHANGE BACK TO THEIR CIVILIAN CLOTHES!
HEY, JOKER, LOOK -- THE BATMOBILE!
WHAT! THE BATMAN ALIVE! STEP ON IT, BRUISER!
8

STEEL HANDS GUIDE THE SUPERCHARGED BATMOBILE AS IT THUNDERS IN THE WAKE OF THE HARRIED CRIME CLOWN!
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM, ROBIN! THAT "PRETTY-BOY" DUGAN IS A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!
LET ME GET MY HANDS ON HIM! HE WE WON'T GO FAR!
MILES ARE SWALLOWED UP AS, AT BREAKNECK SPEED, THE MADCAP CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE CONTINUES... UNTIL SUDDENLY...
A DEAD-END STREET!
FOOL! NOW THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE CAR!
HOT ON THEIR HEELS, THE DYNAMIC TEAM CHASES THE FUGITIVES TO AN EXCLUSIVE BEACH CLUB!
FIRST DOWN, FOUR TO GO!
NICE TACKLE, KID!
BEACH
Surf
CLUB
HURRICANE FURY PACKED IN FOUR FISTS SCATTERS THE JOKER'S MINIONS LIKE LEAVES BEFORE THE STORM!
OW-OW-OW!
THAT'S NOT AS BAD AS THE HOT SEAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET!
LET'S MAKE SHORT WORK OF THESE LUGS, ROBIN!
OUT ON TO THE HARD-PACKED SANDS RACES THE GRIM JESTER...
SAND SAILBOATS! I'VE CHASED THAT MADMAN IN ALMOST EVERY KIND OF VEHICLE, BUT THIS IS A NEW ONE!

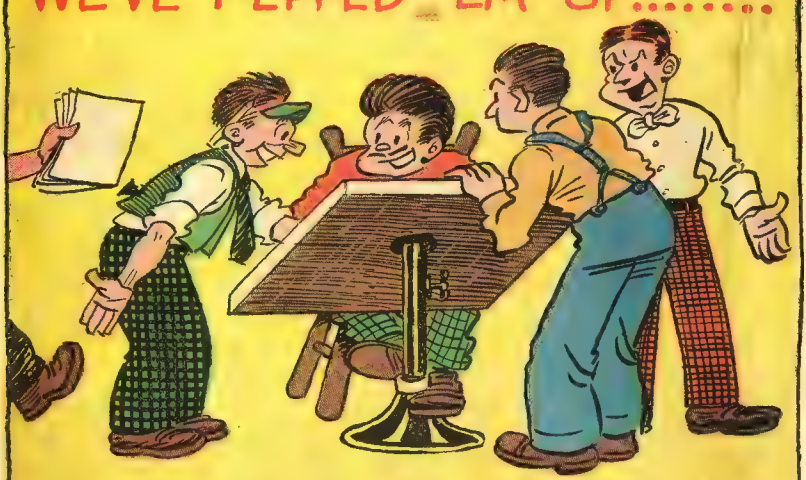

1 ROCKETING ALONG OVER MOONSWEPT SAND DUNES AT A MILE-A-MINUTE CLIP, LAWMAN PURSUES OUTLAW IN A RACE THAT MUST BE WON!
I'M GAINING, BUT I CAN'T CATCH HIM UNLESS...
2 MUSCLES COILED LIKE STEEL SPRINGS, THE BATMAN CROUCHES... AND HURTLES FORWARD IN A DARING LEAP!
3 HELLO..
BATMAN ABOARD, JOKER!
4 ...AND GOODBYE!
5 BUT THE CRIME-CRUSHER'S FINGERS STAB OUT LIKE A STRIKING COBRA'S FANGS, GRIP ROPE REPRIEVE...
CAN'T GET RID OF ME SO EASILY, JOKER! I'M COMING AT YOU!
6 AND THE TWO ARCH-ENEMIES OF THE CENTURY LOCK IN PERILOUS COMBAT...
...AS THE UNGUIDED SAILBOAT BOLTS AWAY LIKE A RUNAWAY METEOR!
7 THE DEADLY BATTLE ENDS ABRUPTLY... AS THE CAREENING BOAT CRASHES INTO A BARRIER OF ROCKS...
CRASH!
AND TWO FIGURES CATAPULT SKYWARD INTO THE RAGING SEA!

SECONDS TICK BY, AND THEN A HEAD EMERGES FROM THE CHOPPY, WHITE-CAPPED WATERS... THE BATMAN'S/
WHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE! LOOKS LIKE THE JOKER DIDN'T COME UP FOR AIR!
HAS THE MASTER OF MOCKERY FINALLY PLUNGED TO HIS DOOM ON THE JAGGED ROCKS BENEATH THE WAVES? ONLY TIME CAN TELL!
THE NEXT WEEK, THOUGH, THE FATE OF THE JOKER IS EXPLOSIVELY REVEALED!
THE JOKER GOT AWAY! HE JUST PULLED SOME NEW JOBS, GETTING INTO RICH HOMES BY FORGING SERVANTS' REFERENCES!
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT! CAN'T EVEN RELAX!
HOW ARE WE GOING TO GO AFTER HIM NOW? WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S GOING TO DO NEXT IN THIS COMEDY OF TEARS!
THEN WE'LL HAVE TO OFFER HIM SOME BAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!
THAT EVENING, THE NEWSPAPERS...
CHAMPION AUTOGRAPH HUNTER
TOMORROW WILL BE AN ACTIVE DAY FOR YOUNG
AND THE FOLLOWING DAY, A DISGUISED ROBIN ROVES TOWN PURSUING HIS NEW HOBBY, AUTOGRAPH-HUNTING...
GEE, THANKS! JOE DIMAGGIO! HOT DOG!
AT THE DOOR OF A FAMOUS RESTAURANT...
JERRY SIEGEL, THE CREATOR OF SUPERMAN, I ALWAYS WANTED HIS AUTOGRAPH!
AND AT A DEPARTMENT STORE BOOK COUNTER...
BOOKS
WILL YOU SIGN MY AUTOGRAPH BOOK, MR. BIGBY, PLEASE?
CERTAINLY, SON!
OUTSIDE, AMID THE JOSTLING CROWDS, A HAND SNAKES OUT AND...
I'LL TAKE THAT!
HEY... WHATCHA DOING?
DEPARTMENT STORE
IT WORKED! THE FISH BIT, ALL RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY ONE SIGNATURE IN THAT BOOK THE JOKER CAN REALLY USE... THE OWNERS OF THE OTHERS ARE ALL GOING OUT OF TOWN!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE HOTEL CLAIR...
MR. BIGBY ASKED ME TO GET THE KEY TO HIS PRIVATE SAFE THAT HE LEFT WITH YOU! HERE'S HIS NOTE!
HMM.. OKAY! IT'S IN OUR VAULT! I'LL GET IT IN A MINUTE!
UPSTAIRS, AT ARTEMUS BIGBY'S SUITE...
DON'T BE ALARMED, MR. BIGBY. I JUST WANT TO- ER- COLLECT YOUR RARE BUTTERFLY COLLECTION! I'M SURE I CAN SELL IT FOR $100,000, DON'T YOU?
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? ROBBERS!
HA! THE KEY FITS AND--
SAFE
AND SO DOES MY FIST!
BATMAN! IT'S A TRAP!
SAFE
AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS, HUH? HERE'S MY SIGNATURE, CHUM!
AND HERE'S WHERE YOU SIGN OFF!
BLAST YOU, BATMAN!
NOT LEAVING US YET, ARE YOU, JOKER?
DEAR ME! THIS IS MORE EXCITING THAN BUTTERFLY COLLECTING!
H-HEY-???
CHLOROFORM

HIS CRONIES SNARED AND CHLOROFORMED BY THE MEEK BUTTERFLY COLLECTOR, THE CORNERED CLOWN FIGHTS ON ALONE!
HEE, HEE...
HA! HA! NICE GOING, BIGBY...
HA! HA! THE JOKER STILL HAS AN ACE IN THE HOLE!
LOOK OUT, ROBIN!
TOO LATE!
STOP OR I'LL PLUNGE THESE SCISSORS INTO ROBIN'S HEAD!
ONCE AGAIN THE JOKER BARGAINS--THIS TIME, ROBIN'S FATE IN THE BALANCE!
MY MEN ARE CAPTURED, MY PLANS BROKEN UP, BUT I'M GOING TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF THIS! I WANT MY FREEDOM AND $100,000 FROM BIGBY, OR ELSE--
I AGREE, JOKER! I GIVE YOU MY WORD BIGBY WILL GIVE YOU $100,000 FOR ROBIN'S RELEASE!
YOUR WORD'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME, BATMAN!
WHY SHOULD I GIVE HIM $100,000, EVEN IF YOU PROMISED IT?
I CAN'T BREAK MY WORD! PAY HIM! LISTEN...
SOON THE BARGAIN IS SEALED...
HERE'S YOUR MONEY, JOKER... INSIDE THIS ENVELOPE!
THANKS. I KNEW YOU'D KEEP YOUR WORD!
LATER, IN A NEW HIDE-OUT, THE BRAZEN BUFFOON OF CRIME OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND SEES....
CERTIFIED GOTHAM CITY BANK CERTIFIED
PAY TO THE ORDER OF THE JOKER $100000
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS
NO. 666 Cuthbert Bigby
OH, OH! IDIOT THAT I AM! THE BATMAN KEPT HIS WORD--BUT HE HAD BIGBY PAY ME BY CERTIFIED CHECK! BUT I CAN'T CASH IT! IT'S MADE OUT TO THE JOKER--AND IF I WALKED INTO A BANK I'D BE NABBED!
THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HAVE THE LAST LAUGH!
I'D LIKE TO SEE THE JOKER'S FACE WHEN HE REALIZES THE TRUTH!
POETIC JUSTICE, ROBIN! HE WANTED TO MAKE OTHERS CRY--IT'S HIS TURN NOW!
THE END --

WE'VE PEPPED 'EM UP.....



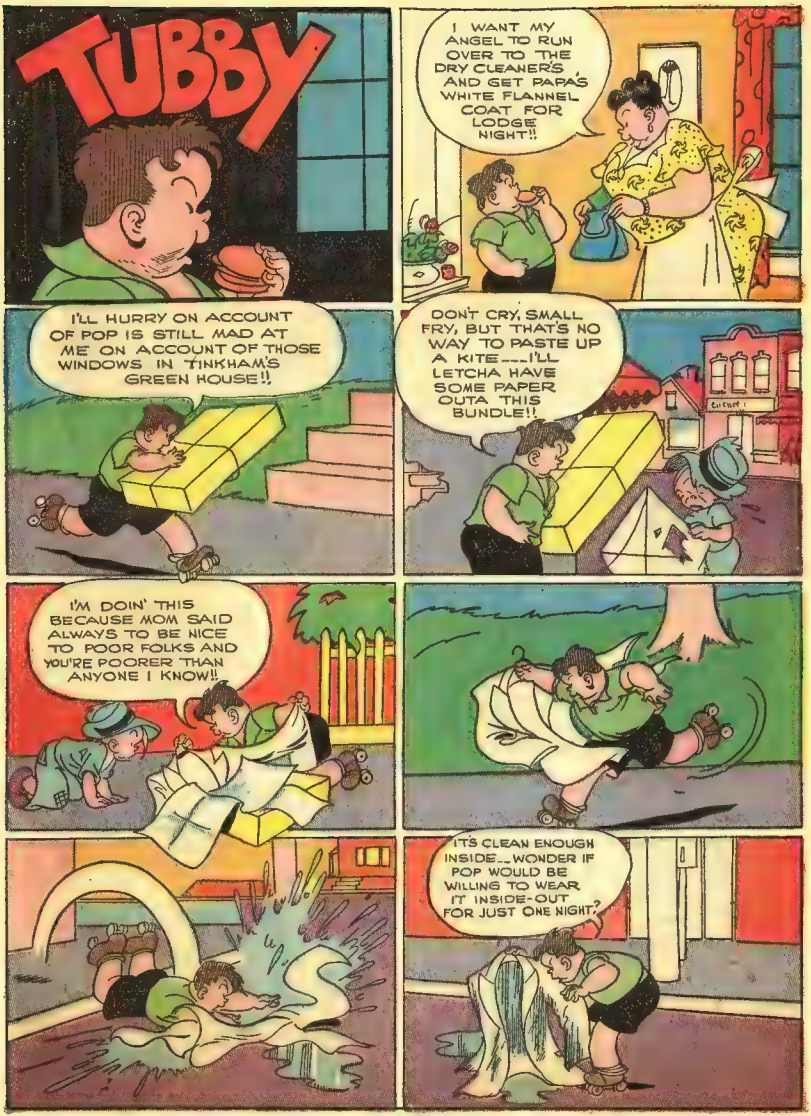
EDITORS -- WRITERS -- ARTISTS.... WE ALL GOT TOGETHER AND TRADED IDEAS... WE STUDIED HUNDREDS OF LETTERS FROM YOU READERS -- AND WE LOADED THESE TWO MAGAZINES WITH *DYNAMITE*! -- JUST THE SORT OF SUPER FEATURES **YOU** GO FOR IN A BIG WAY!

IN **MORE FUN:**

GREEN ARROW
JOHNNY QUICK
AQUAMAN
DR. FATE
SPECTRE
RADIO SQUAD

IN **ADVENTURE:**

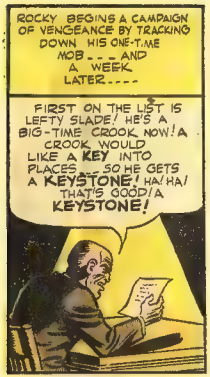
SANDMAN
GENIUS JONES
STARMAN
MANHUNTER
SHINING KNIGHT
HOURMAN


TUBBY
I WANT MY ANGEL TO RUN OVER TO THE DRY CLEANER'S AND GET PAPA'S WHITE FLANNEL COAT FOR LODGE NIGHT!!
I'LL HURRY ON ACCOUNT OF POP IS STILL MAD AT ME ON ACCOUNT OF THOSE WINDOWS IN TINKHAM'S GREEN HOUSE!!
DON'T CRY, SMALL FRY, BUT THAT'S NO WAY TO PASTE UP A KITE---I'LL LETCHA HAVE SOME PAPER OUTA THIS BUNDLE!!
I'M DOIN' THIS BECAUSE MOM SAID ALWAYS TO BE NICE TO POOR FOLKS AND YOU'RE POORER THAN ANYONE I KNOW!!
IT'S CLEAN ENOUGH INSIDE--WONDER IF POP WOULD BE WILLING TO WEAR IT INSIDE-OUT FOR JUST ONE NIGHT?

BATMAN
WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.
WHAT'S A STONE? JUST A BIT OF COLD ROCK, EMOTIONLESS? DEAD, UNEXCITING? THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! WELL, TELL YOU OF A STONE---OF MANY STORIES!--OF STONES THAT EXPRESSED HATE, REVENGE, EVIL! DO THEY SOUND EMOTIONLESS? AND HERE ALSO ARE STONES THAT MEANT NEW LIFE, NARROW ESCAPES FROM IMPENDING DOOM! CERTAINLY THESE ARE NOT DEAD STONES! AND AGAIN IN THIS TALE ARE STONES THAT BROUGHT ON DANGER, PERILOUS ACTION, A TENSE MANHUNT! DOES THAT SEEM UNEXCITING TO YOU? THEN READ ON, LEARN HOW FATE CAST THE FIRST STONE THAT DECIDED A MAN'S LIFE AND BROUGHT ABOUT..... "THE STORY OF THE SEVENTEEN STONES!!"
BOB KANE
THE GOTHAM CITY PRISON YARD....
ROCKY GRIMES'S TWENTY YEAR STRETCH IS UP TOMORROW!
YEAH--THE GUY IS AS CRACKED AS THEM STONES HE HAMMERS! IMAGINE HIM PUTTIN' ON AN INNOCENCE ACT ALL THE TIME!

THE NEXT DAY ROCKY GETS HIS RELEASE!
WARDEN, YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE MY STORY THAT I'M NOT ROCKY GRIMES, THE GANGSTER!
I'VE HEARD YOU SAY THAT FOR TWENTY YEARS NOW! I KNOW YOU'RE ROCKY! FINGERPRINTS DON'T LIE! YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME! FORGET THE YARN!
SO A BEWILDERED MAN WALKS FROM BEHIND STONE PRISON WALLS TO THE STONE PAVEMENTS OF GOTHAM CITY!
FREE!... BUT WHO AM I? I HAVE THE FINGERPRINTS OF A CRIMINAL.... BUT I DON'T REMEMBER EVER BEING ONE! I DON'T REMEMBER ANYTHING OF MY YOUTH!
ABRUPTLY, A CAR TIRE PASSES OVER THE END OF A LOOSE COBBLESTONE... AND FLIPS IT STRAIGHT AT THE MAN'S TEMPLE!
UH!
LATER... WHEN THE BLACK CURTAIN OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS LIFTS....
OH... MY HEAD!... LEFTY SLADE... HE SLUGGED ME...! WHAT HAPPENED TO MY HAIR?... AN' MY FACE WRINKLED ----OLD!
MY HEAD... SO DIZZY... BUT I REMEMBER NOW... REMEMBER! ME AND MY MOB.... WE WERE HOLDING UP A BANK.... I SHOT A GUARD....
IN HIS MIND'S EYE, THE MAN GOES BACK... BACK TO A HOLDUP OF TWENTY YEARS AGO!!
HERE'S A PRESENT FROM ROCKY GRIMES, SAP!
COPPERS! C'MON!
LATER... IN THE HIDEOUT...
CHUMP! YOU HADDA GET SMART AN' BLAB YOUR NAME!
NOW EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE AFTER YOU!
YOU MEAN AFTER US! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER. SQUEAL ON ME AND I'LL SQUEAL ON YOU GUYS!
TOO LATE, ROCKY TRIES TO DUCK... AS A HURLED STONE HITS HIS TEMPLE!
YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT!
2

ROCKY'S RIGHT! WE'RE ACCESSORIES BEFORE THE FACT IN THAT GUARD KILLIN'! THAT MEANS WE'RE ALL LIABLE TO GO TO THE CHAIR!
WHY SHOULD WE BURN FOR SOMETHING ROCKY DID?
OHHH..
MY HEAD!... UH! ... WHERE AM I? WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE THE GUYS WHO AIN'T GONNA TAKE THE RAP FOR YOU! YOU WALK THAT LAST MILE BY YOURSELF!
RAP? LAST MILE? DON'T UNDERSTAND! MIND'S A BLANK! DON'T EVEN KNOW MY NAME!... CAN'T REMEMBER ANYTHING!
STALLIN', EH?...
WAIT! ROCKY MUST HAVE AMNESIA... BROUGHT ON BY THAT STONE THAT HIT HIS HEAD!
AMNESIA? I HEARD OF THAT! MAKES A GUY FORGET EVERYTHING ABOUT THE PAST!
HEY! IF ROCKY CAN'T REMEMBER US, WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! ALL WE DO IS DUMP HIM AT A POLICE STATION AND LET HIM TAKE THE RAP!
AND SO THIS MAN WITH A PERPLEXED, VAGUE MIND IS BROUGHT TO THE LAW!
YOU SAY I'M ROCKY GRIMES...A GANGSTER BUT IT CAN'T BE!... I WOULD REMEMBER BEING ONE!... BUT I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
THAT'S THE MAN WHO SHOT MY FRIEND!
AND THESE FINGERPRINTS CLINCH IT! YOU'RE ROCKY GRIMES!
AND HERE-- HERE IS ROCKY GRIMES TODAY--- THE MAN WHO REMEMBERED TWENTY YEARS LATER!
YEAH--- INSTEAD OF THE CHAIR, I GOT TWENTY YEARS... TWENTY YEARS OF LIFE GONE WHILE MY "PALS" WE'RE SITTING PRETTY!
IT TOOK A STONE TO TAKE MY MEMORY AWAY FROM ME --- AND ANOTHER STONE TO BRING IT BACK! STONES... TWENTY YEARS POUNDING STONES!
STONES... ALWAYS A STONE! IT'S LIKE A SYMBOL! THAT'S WHAT IT IS! THAT'S HOW I'LL GET BACK AT MY "PALS" WITH STONES... STONES!


ROCKY BEGINS A CAMPAIGN OF VENGEANCE BY TRACKING DOWN HIS ONE-TIME MOB - - - AND A WEEK LATER - - - -
FIRST ON THE LIST IS LEFTY SLADE! HE'S A BIG-TIME CROOK NOW! A CROOK WOULD LIKE A KEY INTO PLACES - - - SO HE GETS A KEYSTONE! HA! HA! THAT'S GOOD! A KEYSTONE!

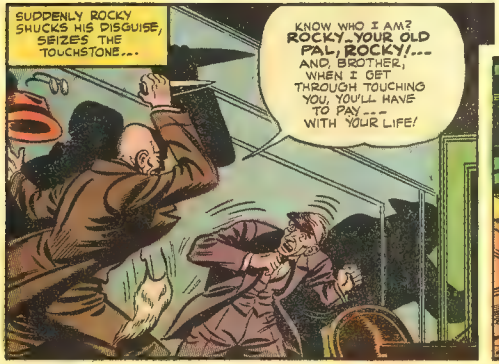
NEXT DAY, AN OLDER, MORE EVIL LEFTY SLADE WAITS UNDER AN OLD-FASHIONED TENEMENT ARCHWAY!
WONDER WHO CALLED ME AND TOLD ME TO WAIT HERE FOR A TIP ABOUT AN EASY JOB?

HIGH ABOVE, A WIRE JERKS HARD AT THE ALREADY WEAKENED KEYSTONE AND.. CRUSHING DOOM!
YA-A-A-A-A-A!

I FINALLY REMEMBERED

THAT NIGHT...AN EVIL LAUGH TWISTS ROCKY'S LIPS!
NEXT IS "FIN" GONZY! HE'S A LOAN SHARK NOW! PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ON HIS HEAD FOR A TOUCH! I'LL GIVE HIM A TOUCH, TOO - - - A TOUCHSTONE!

THE FOLLOWING DAY - - - A DISGUISED ROCKY VISITS "FIN" GONZY, THE LOAN SHARK!
I'D LIKE TO HAVE A FEW BUCKS ON THAT GOLD WATCH!
I'LL HAVE TO TEST IT! THIS IS BASANITE - - - WHAT WE CALL A TOUCHSTONE! THE MARK IT LEAVES ON YOUR WATCH WILL TELL ME WHETHER IT'S PURE GOLD OR NOT!


SUDDENLY ROCKY SHUCKS HIS DISGUISE, SEIZES THE TOUCHSTONE...
KNOW WHO I AM? ROCKY...YOUR OLD PAL, ROCKY!... AND, BROTHER, WHEN I GET THROUGH TOUCHING YOU, YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY - - - WITH YOUR LIFE!

I FINALLY REMEMBERED

BRUCE, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION ON THESE "I FINALLY REMEMBERED" MURDERS? REVENGE MOTIVE?
CAN'T WORK ON IT NOW! WE HAVE A DATE WITH THE MAYOR TO LAY THE CORNERSTONE OF THAT NEW ORPHANAGE MASON IS TO BUILD!
THE NEXT DAY... THE HOME OF BRUCE WAYNE AND DICK GRAYSON... IN REALITY THAT CRIME-BUSTING TEAM OF WORLD FAME... BATMAN AND ROBIN!!
LATER... AT THE BUILDING SITE...
YOU KNOW MASON, THE ARCHITECT?
HELLO, BATMAN! (WHAT A STRONG FACE HE HAS! I'M GLAD I WENT STRAIGHT! I WOULDN'T WANT HIM AFTER ME!)
HELLO, MASON!
THERE'S THE CORNERSTONE THAT IS TO SERVE AS THE FIRST STEP IN BUILDING THE NEW ORPHANAGE!
WITHOUT WARNING, THE CABLE HOLDING THE HUGE CORNERSTONE GOES SLACK!
MASON! LOOK OUT!
CRASH!
OH, MAN! THAT WAS CLOSE!
HE'S TRYING TO ESCAPE! C'MON, ROBIN... WE'RE WORKING ON THAT CASE NOW!
HOT DOG!
WRITING ON THE CORNERSTONE'S SURFACE CATCHES THE BATMAN'S EYE!
"I FINALLY REMEM..." THE STONE MURDERS! THAT MAN WORKING THE CRANE TRIED TO KILL MASON!!
I FINALLY REMEMBERED

WOW! THAT GUY ISN'T FOOLING!
WHINING SLUGS SING PAST AS BATMAN AND ROBIN TRACK THEIR QUARRY TO THE WATERFRONT!
COME ANY CLOSER AND I'LL BLOW AIR HOLES THROUGH YA!
WHEELING SHARPLY, ROCKY OVERTURNS A BARREL OF OIL THAT SPILLS TO THE WATER..
..AND LEAPS TO AN IDLING SPEED BOAT, WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN FOLLOWING SUIT!
STILL COMIN', EH?
OKAY, CHUMPS! --YOU ASKED FOR IT!
GRINNING EVILLY, ROCKY FLIPS A LIGHTED MATCH AT THE OIL FILMING THE WATER BEHIND HIM...
--- AND THE OILY WATERS EXPLODE INTO ROARING FLAME, TRAPPING BATMAN AND ROBIN IN A FIELD OF FIRE!
WHOOSH
WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE! TAKE A DEEP BREATH, ROBIN--
BATMAN! WHAT'LL WE DO?
--AND DIVE!

SWIMMING DEEP UNDER THE WATERY INFERNO, BATMAN AND ROBIN SEARCH FOR THE END OF THE DANGER ZONE!
HOPE THE BREAK ISN'T TOO FAR...
I CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH MUCH LONGER...
PRESENTLY TWO HEADS POKE UP INTO FRESH AIR...BEYOND THE BLAZING OIL!
AH!... FRESH AIR!.. UH..UH.. SEE ANYTHING OF THE BABY WE WERE CHASING?
NOT A SIGN! HE SURE PULLED A FAST ONE ON US!
THAT NIGHT.. IN HIS ROOM, ROCKY PONDERS...
A CORNERSTONE FOR AN ARCHITECT/ WOULD'VE WORKED, TOO, IF NOT FOR THE BATMAN! HE'S ONE SMART GUY--- SMART ENOUGH TO PUT THINGS TOGETHER! HMMMM!
AND AT THAT MOMENT, BATMAN BEARS OUT ROCKY'S THOUGHTS!
ROBIN, THERE'S ONE LINK THAT TIES THIS CASE TOGETHER! STONES! STONES NEARLY KILLED ONE MAN... CAUSED THE DEATH OF TWO OTHER CRIMINALS!
THEN LET'S LOOK UP THE RECORDS OF THOSE CRIMINALS, FIND OUT WHAT THESE MEN HAD IN COMMON... AND PRESTO! WE'LL HAVE OUR MURDERER!
LATER... POLICE HEADQUARTERS---
HELLO, GORDON! SAY, IS SOMETHING WRONG?
PLENTY! SOME MASKED MAN WALKED IN HERE, THREATENED US WITH A TOMMY GUN, TOOK SOME CARDS FROM THE CRIMINAL FILE AND BURNED THEM!
THERE'S THE REMAINS OF THE CARDS!
GODON, I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT THAT MASKED MAN! I'M GOING TO USE YOUR LABORATORY AND FIND OUT WHAT WAS ON THOSE CARDS!
BUT.. BUT THOSE CARDS ARE BURNED...CHARRED! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO READ WHAT WAS ON THEM!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! STICK AROUND AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN SOMETHING!
FIRST WE PLACE THE CHARRED CARDS ON A FLAT PLATE OF GLASS... AND OVER THIS WE PLACE A GLASS DOME WITH A SMALL OPENING AT THE TOP..
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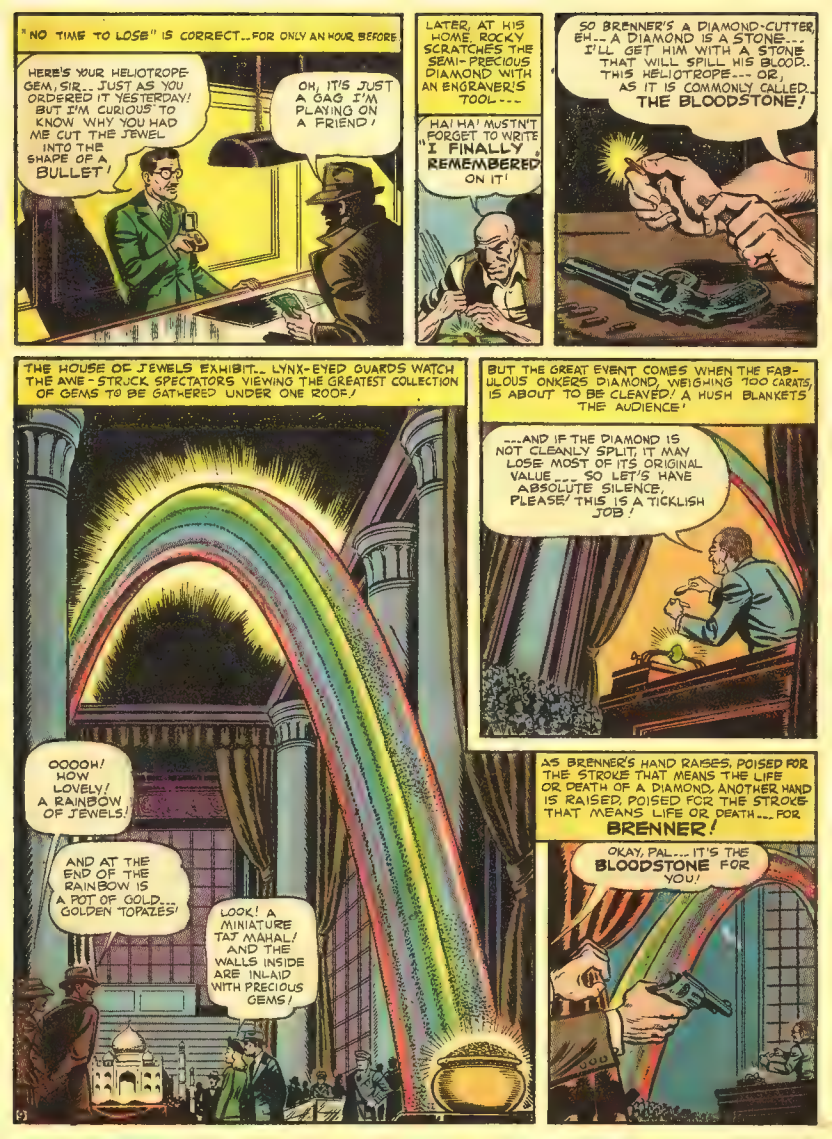
THEN WE TAKE A NEWLY DISCOVERED CHEMICAL AND SPRAY IT INSIDE THE GLASS DOME!
NOW WE WAIT AND ALLOW THE RED SPRAY TO PERMEATE THE CHARRED CARDS INSIDE!
NEXT WE PHOTOGRAPH THE PAPER, USING INFRA-RED FILM PLATES!... AND THEN DEVELOP IT!
FINISHED! THE DEVELOPED PLATE SHOWS THE CARDS THEMSELVES COME OUT BLACK --- WHILE THE INK COMES OUT WHITE--- THAT'S BECAUSE THE INK DID NOT ABSORB THE CHEMICAL AS THE PAPER DID!
I'M GLAD I SAW THIS WITH MY OWN EYES! I NEVER REALIZED IT WAS POSSIBLE TO DO WHAT YOU DID!
YES, ROBIN, AND IT'S TIME CRIMINALS REALIZED THAT CRIME WILL OUT WHEN THEY START BUCKING THE SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS PITTED AGAINST THEM!
AFTER EXAMINING THE DATA ON THE CARDS---
SO SLADE, GONZY, MASON AND TWO OTHERS NAMED BRENNER AND PARKS BELONGED TO A ROCKY GRIMES MOB TWENTY YEARS AGO!
YES, AND I'M SURE THEY WERE THE ONES WHO DUMPED ROCKY AT THE JAIL... ROCKY MUST BE OUT FOR REVENGE... AND OUT TO GET THE TWO OTHERS!
ACCORDING TO THIS FILE, PARKS WENT OUT WEST TO OPERATE A CONCESSION IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST... BRENNER WENT STRAIGHT, TOO, AND BECAME A DIAMOND-CUTTER!
THEN BRENNER'S THE MAN WHO IS TO CUT THE FAMOUS ONKER'S DIAMOND TONIGHT AT THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT IN TOWN!
ROCKY'S SURE TO TRY TO GET BRENNER FIRST! LET'S GO!
GOLLY! WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE NOW!
8

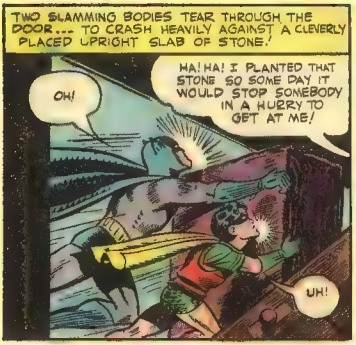

"NO TIME TO LOSE" IS CORRECT--FOR ONLY AN HOUR BEFORE
HERE'S YOUR HELIOTROPE GEM, SIR... JUST AS YOU ORDERED IT YESTERDAY! BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW WHY YOU HAD ME CUT THE JEWEL INTO THE SHAPE OF A BULLET!
OH, IT'S JUST A GAG I'M PLAYING ON A FRIEND!
LATER, AT HIS HOME, ROCKY SCRATCHES THE SEMI-PRECIOUS DIAMOND WITH AN ENGRAVER'S TOOL---
HA! HA! MUSTN'T FORGET TO WRITE "I FINALLY REMEMBERED" ON IT!
SO BRENNER'S A DIAMOND-CUTTER, EH--- A DIAMOND IS A STONE--- I'LL GET HIM WITH A STONE THAT WILL SPILL HIS BLOOD. THIS HELIOTROPE--- OR, AS IT IS COMMONLY CALLED, THE BLOODSTONE!
THE HOUSE OF JEWELS EXHIBIT-- LYNX-EYED GUARDS WATCH THE AWE-STRUCK SPECTATORS VIEWING THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF GEMS TO BE GATHERED UNDER ONE ROOF!
OOOOH! HOW LOVELY! A RAINBOW OF JEWELS!
AND AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW IS A POT OF GOLD--- GOLDEN TOPAZES!
LOOK! A MINIATURE TAJ MAHAL! AND THE WALLS INSIDE ARE INLAID WITH PRECIOUS GEMS!
BUT THE GREAT EVENT COMES WHEN THE FABULOUS ONKERS DIAMOND, WEIGHING 700 CARATS, IS ABOUT TO BE CLEAVED! A HUSH BLANKETS THE AUDIENCE!
---AND IF THE DIAMOND IS NOT CLEANLY SPLIT, IT MAY LOSE MOST OF ITS ORIGINAL VALUE--- SO LET'S HAVE ABSOLUTE SILENCE, PLEASE! THIS IS A TICKLISH JOB!
AS BRENNER'S HAND RAISES, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS THE LIFE OR DEATH OF A DIAMOND, ANOTHER HAND IS RAISED, POISED FOR THE STROKE THAT MEANS LIFE OR DEATH--- FOR BRENNER!
OKAY, PAL--- IT'S THE BLOODSTONE FOR YOU!

ABRUPTLY, A COLORFUL FIGURE SLIPS DOWN THE SWIMMERING LENGTH OF THE RAINBOW-- ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!
THE END OF THE RAINBOW --- AND YOU, CHUM!
ALL RIGHT, MEN! SHOOT HIM DOWN!
I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD FOR YOU, BRAT!
HOLD YOUR FIRE! YOU MIGHT HIT SOMEONE IN THE CROWD! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT KILLER!
YOU DEVIL! HOW DID YOU KNOW I'D BE HERE?
LIKE COLOSSAL TITANS, THE TWO BATTLE HIGH OVER THE MINIATURE TAJ MAHAL!
I LOOKED INTO MY MAGIC CRYSTAL BALL!
SUDDENLY, ROCKY SNATCHES UP A SCIMITAR AND FLINGS IT LIKE A DEATH'S . SCYTHE!
MAYBE THIS'LL STOP YOUR SNOOPING!
BUT BATMAN DROPS... AND THE BLADE BITES DEEP INTO WIRES SUPPORTING A "FRUIT" BOWL OF GEMS!
10

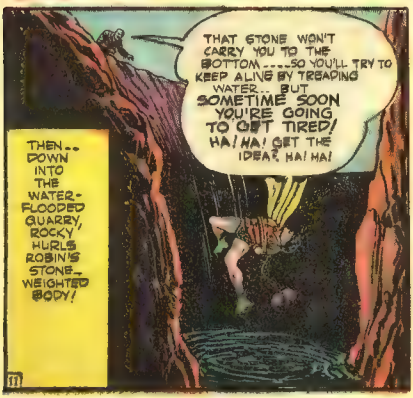
A WATERFALL OF PRECIOUS STONES CASCADES DOWN ON THE STAMPEDING AUDIENCE!
OH, BOY! SOUVENIRS!
NEVER MIND GRIMES! STOP THOSE PEOPLE! THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GEMS ON THE FLOOR!
WHEE!
HA! HA! PRECIOUS STONES... THEY'RE HELPING ME MAKE A GETAWAY!

BUT.. HOT ON ROCKY'S TWISTING TRAIL ARE TWO HUMAN BLOODHOUNDS...
THERE HE GOES!

AND SOON THE CHASE ENDS.. AT AN ABANDONED OLD STONE QUARRY!
HE RAN INSIDE THAT SHACK! HE'S LOCKING THE DOOR!
THEN WE'LL SMASH THE DOOR IN! C'MON!


TWO SLAMMING BODIES TEAR THROUGH THE DOOR... TO CRASH HEAVILY AGAINST A CLEVERLY PLACED UPRIGHT SLAB OF STONE!
OH!
HA! HA! I PLANTED THAT STONE SO SOME DAY IT WOULD STOP SOMEBODY IN A HURRY TO GET AT ME!
UH!

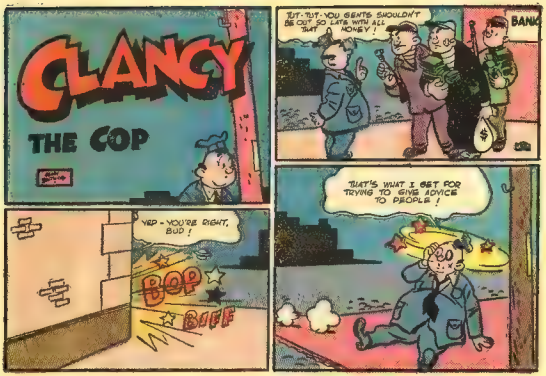
WORKING SWIFTLY, ROCKY BINDS ROBIN, LEAVING HIS FEET FREE!
NOW THAT I'VE LASHED THIS STONE TO YOUR WAIST, YOU'RE ALL SET! HA! HA!


THEN... DOWN INTO THE WATER-FLOODED QUARRY, ROCKY HURLS ROBIN'S STONE-WEIGHTED BODY!
THAT STONE WON'T CARRY YOU TO THE BOTTOM.....SO YOU'LL TRY TO KEEP ALIVE BY TREADING WATER... BUT SOMETIME SOON YOU'RE GOING TO GET TIRED! HA! HA! GET THE IDEA? HA! HA!

INSIDE THE SHACK, BATMAN AWAKENS TO FIND ROCKY SETTING FIRE TO MOUNDS OF SULPHUR!
I GET IT! I'M TO DIE BY BREATHING THE SULPHUR FUMES!
YEAH, PAL! AND YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL BURNING SULPHER? BRIMSTONE! I'M TAKING CARE OF YOU AND THE KID BOTH WITH STONES! HA! HA! SO LONG, CHUMP!

(COUGH-COUGH) STUFF'S GETTING THICK! (COUGH-COUGH) GOT TO THINK! (COUGH) THAT OLD GRINDSTONE ONCE USED TO SHARPEN TOOLS... MAYBE...
STRAINING HIS LEGS, BATMAN HOOKS A FOOT ON THE GRINDSTONE'S BASE AND DRAGS IT NEAR... INCH BY INCH ---- UNTIL ----
THAT'S IT! (COUGH-COUGH) EVERYTHING LOOKS BLURRED... GETTING WEAK... (COUGH-COUGH) GOT TO WORK FAST TO SAVE MYSELF AND ROBIN...
A WHIR... A HARSH BUZZ... AND THE GRINDSTONE'S ROUGH EDGE SAWS AGAINST THE TAUT ROPES!
AND SO BATMAN CHEATS BRIMSTONE DOOM WITH ANOTHER STONE... A GRINDSTONE!
CAN'T KEEP THIS UP MUCH LONGER (PANT-PANT) WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO BATMAN? (PANT-PANT)
MEANWHILE... ROBIN'S CHURNING LEGS KEEP HIM FROM DROWNING DEATH... BUT THE PLUCKY LAD IS GROWING WEAK!
SUDDENLY A HISSING ROPE COILS ABOUT THE LAD'S MIDDLE!
BATMAN!
ROBIN, MY ARMS ARE TOO NUMB FROM BEING BOUND TO LIFT YOU ALL THE WAY... I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING...
LASHING THE FREE END OF THE ROPE ABOUT A HEAVY BOULDER, BATMAN PUSHES IT OVER THE EDGE!
THE HEAVY STONE DROPS AND ROBIN'S LIGHTER BODY IS JERKED OUT OF THE WATER TO ASCEND TO SAFETY!
WOW! ELEVATOR... GOING UP!
A MOMENT LATER...
THAT WAS FAST THINKING! IT TOOK A STONE TO SAVE ME FROM DROWNING BY ANOTHER STONE! WHAT NEXT?
NEXT WE GO TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST! NO DOUBT ROCKY'S GONE THERE TO GET PARKS, THE LAST OF HIS OLD MOB! C'MON, ROBIN... WE'RE TRAVELING!

The PETRIFIED FOREST... WHERE FALLEN TREES HAVE BEEN PETRIFIED... BY NATURE TURNED TO STONE!
IN HIS CONCESSION, PARKS HAS A SNARLING VISITOR...
YEAH... I SPENT TWENTY YEARS WORKIN' OVER STONES... AN' NOW I'M GOING TO WORK OVER YOU WITH ONE... A STONE FROM PETRIFIED WOOD! NOW, AIN'T YOU PETRIFIED WITH FEAR? HA! HA!
NO!..NO! I'VE GONE STRAIGHT, ROCKY... I'VE GOT A WIFE AND KIDS... DON'T KILL ME!
DON'T WORRY, PARKS... HE WON'T!
BATMAN AND ROBIN! I THOUGHT I HAD TAKEN CARE OF YOU TWO FOR GOOD!
A SUDDEN, SURPRISING LEAP CARRIES ROCKY THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW AND INTO THE FOREST ITSELF!
C'MON, ROBIN! I WANT TO WIND UP THIS CASE!
IT'S ABOUT TIME
WITH POWERFUL, DISTANCE-EATING STRIDES, BATMAN CLOSES THE GAP... AND, ATOP A STONE LOG BRIDGE, TANGLES WITH THE KILLER!
TALK'S CHEAP, "PAL"!
OKAY, PAL... I'M GONNA BEAT YOUR FACE IN FOR YOU!
SUDDENLY THE SKIES DARKEN -- AND DOWN POURS THAT PHENOMENON OF NATURE... HAILSTONES!
AND SO IN THIS WEIRD FOREST OF STONE AS HAILSTONES PELT DOWN, BATMAN LOCKS IN A LIFE AND DEATH STRUGGLE WITH ROCKY GRIMES.
HA THA' ONE HURT NOW.. THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS
BUT AS EAGER ROCKY CHARGES, HE SLIDES AND SLIPS ON THE HAILSTONES UNDER-FOOT... AND...
YAAA-A-AA!
ONCE AGAIN, STONES.. HAILSTONES... HAVE DECIDED ROCKY'S FATE!
AND SO, AS IT MUST TO ALL MEN, DEATH COMES TO ROCKY GRIMES -- HE LIVED BY STONES.. AND DIED BY STONES...
---- AND FINALLY ENDED UP BENEATH ONE... A TOMBSTONE!


CLANCY
THE COP
TUT-TUT-YOU GENTS SHOULDN'T BE OUT SO LATE WITH ALL THAT MONEY!
BANK
YEP - YOU'RE RIGHT, BUD!
BOP
BUFF
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR TRYING TO GIVE ADVICE TO PEOPLE!

WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader writing to the Educational Division, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., Dept. BQ-13.

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a Free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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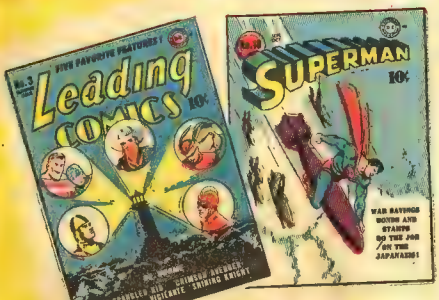

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

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ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS EVERYWHERE!

SACRIFICE

by Eric Carter

IN THE tiny apartment, the short, thin man puffed nervously on his cigar. Before him on the table was a pot of black coffee and a portable typewriter. A sheaf of white paper was placed neatly alongside the typewriter. Deep in thought, the man studied a clean sheet of paper protruding from the machine. He was thinking about Little Aussie and how he was going to get it.

* * *

The man was a reporter, a star reporter, and he had made quite a name for himself covering crime news. There wasn't much that went on over the other side of the law that he didn't know about. He would have made a wonderful detective.

But detectives could never have had his contacts. Criminals, as a rule, fight shy of the law. The third degree was made for them, and they knew it.

Yellow, a hardened criminal frequently has to have the truth beaten out of him before he'll talk. But, paradoxically, the underworld has formed an attachment for the gentlemen of the press. That's why information that sometimes the police can't get turns up in the newspapers. A gangster liked a reporter and gave him a tip.

* * *

Such a tip had come Lane Thomas' way. A minor underworld character had brought it in only a few hours ago. A newspaperman, he knew, would be glad to get and even pay for, anything on Little Aussie.

Oh, you remember Little Aussie now? He was the mobster who waxed rich during Prohibition and then suddenly faded from sight. Even his mob didn't know what had happened to him, although they knew he was alive. Their share of the proceeds had been sent to them. In cold cash.

But that hadn't pleased Marco Evans, Little Aussie's former lieutenant. He had sworn that somehow, someday, he'd get Little Aussie. And he was the kind of mobster who'd keep his promise when the time arrived.

* * *

Which it had. Now. The stool pigeon had brought the news to Lane Thomas, who had just authorized a big bonus for it. Little Aussie had been found—he was in town attending a Merchants' Convention!

"No wonder the mob could never find him," the stoolie had marveled. "He's gone and went respectable some place in the wheat section. Think of it!"

* * *

Lane Thomas was thinking of it now. He had always been of the opinion that when a man wanted to go straight, he should be given a chance. He had known all along the whereabouts of Little Aussie, watched anxiously as the man rehabilitated himself, first buying a small store and then branching out. He had even seen Little Aussie send in back income taxes. As a matter of fact, when you got down to it, Little Aussie was trying pretty hard to pay his debt to society.

* * *

Yes, Little Aussie had put new wine into a new bottle. Maybe Mary had something to do with it, too. She had been teaching school when Little Aussie met her. And now she was the mother of two charming children and the town respected her as the wife of one of its most prominent citizens.

Lane Thomas put down the coffee he had been sipping, and made a wry face. Funny, but Little Aussie had become just the sort of man Lane Thomas had once wanted to be. Small-towny, with everything honorable that connotes. It couldn't be now, though. Not with what the Doc had told him last week.

* * *

Lane Thomas shook his head, as though to drive out a thought. Arizona wouldn't help; his lungs were far too gone for that. A man doesn't spend years in smoke-infested dives, out in all kinds of weather, neglect to take care of himself, and hope to be healthy. They just don't come that way.

Lately, he had been feeling even more tired.

* * *

And now this had had to happen, one of the biggest stories of his career. He had the inside track on a murder about to happen, and, for the first time he was going to let his paper down.

Lane Thomas smiled grimly. What a howl the managing editor would put up if he knew that his star crime reporter was sitting on the yarn of the year! And what the police wouldn't give to know that in exactly one hour, guns would blaze on Fourth and Main and a man would slump dead to the sidewalk.

The mobsters had the set-up

timed perfectly. They had been trailing Little Aussie for two days and learned his every movement. They knew that every night, after the meeting, he'd walk by Fourth and Main. Tonight he'd get it—even if he didn't walk by there—because he'd be tailed.

But he'd follow the same route, Lane Thomas knew. Little Aussie was a man of habit. And he'd never suspect that Marco Evans, alone, would be sitting at the wheel of a parked car, engine running, and a pistol waiting for his quarry. Evans had to do the job alone to show his mob what a brave man he was.

* * *

Lane Thomas' lip curled scornfully. He knew, as did Marco Evans, that Little Aussie never carried a gun. He hadn't in gang days, and he surely wouldn't now. Unprotected, he'd meet his death. A death that he didn't deserve.

* * *

Lane Thomas looked at his watch. A half hour more. Not much time. He got up and walked to the closet. A blue serge suit was hanging there. He put it on and slipped a revolver into his back pocket. That done, he returned to his typewriter. His eyes were shining now and his fingers caressed the keyboard with an almost loving touch.

* * *

Staccato sounds echoed in the room as he wrote to the Managing editor:

"Dear Hatchet-Face:

"This is my resignation. The Doc has ordered me to give up the active life if I want to live another few months. I've wasted a lot of years on your sheet, so I'm giving myself a break.

"Don't try to locate me, because I'm going to change my name if I have to."

Lane Thomas signed and stamped it. The letter he placed in front of his typewriter where Mrs. Murphy would find and post it, thinking he had forgotten to mail it.

* * *

There were tired lines on his face as he examined the mechanism of the gun. Satisfied, he thrust it back into his pocket, then looked at his watch. Not much time to lose.

He went over to the phone and dialed a number. His message, he was promised, would be relayed immediately. Smiling grimly, Lane Thomas went out. The long distance call to his home town would keep Little Aussie's busy enough. And safe inside the convention. Lane Thomas smiled again, imagining Little Aussie's mystification.

* * *

But by the time Little Aussie pieced together what had happened it would be all over.

* * *

The night was warm, but there was a fresh breeze blowing from the river as Lane Thomas moved over onto Fourth and Main. There weren't many lights there, and little traffic. A black coupe was parked idly on one side of the street.

Lane Thomas shot a quick glance at his watch. It was time now. He paused a moment as he drew abreast of the coupe and imagined he could see a shadowy figure peering out.

* * *

That would be Marco Evans, Lane Thomas thought, waiting with a gun. He would want to be sure, and so he would be very careful.

Deliberately, Lane Thomas lit a match, illuminating his face, as it touched the cigarette dangling from his lips.

"This is it," he said in one hurried breath. "This is it!" Marco Evans wouldn't expect his gunplay to be returned. And that was a break.

* * *

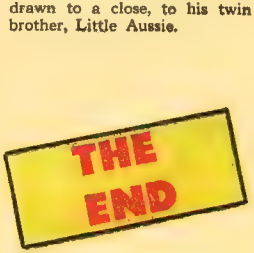
Lane Thomas saw the white of a hand in the darkened interior of the coupe and a sad smile came over his face as he reached for his gun and walked over. Stabs of flame struck the night, resounded through the quiet streets as two guns blazed. There was a convulsive movement inside the coupe.

* * *

Lane Thomas saw it as he went down from the three bullets imbedded in his body. But there was a smile on his face as he went to his death. Little Aussie would understand, he wouldn't talk, because years ago, when Little Aussie got on the wrong side of the fence, Lane Thomas had made him promise never to use his right name. Little Aussie's mother had been alive then, and it would have broken her heart to know that one of her boys was Little Aussie, the gangster, and not Austin Thomas, a salesman.

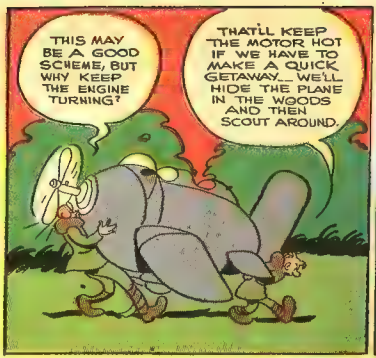
* * *

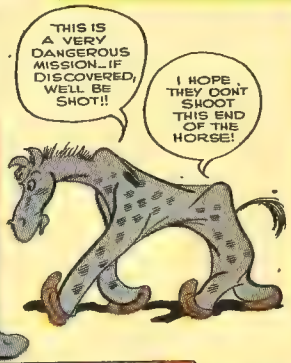
But you can't help feeling that she would have been awfully proud of her other son, Lane, who had just given the life, which soon would have drawn to a close, to his twin brother, Little Aussie.



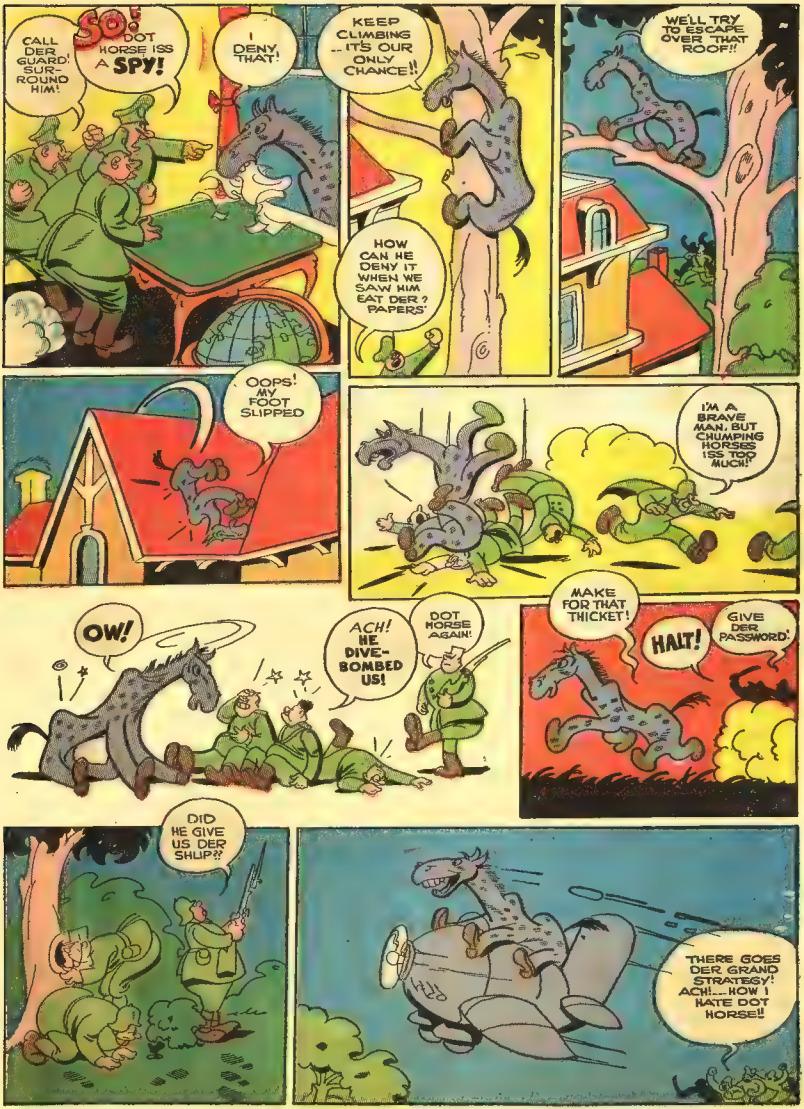
THE FLYING JEEPS

AFTER A FORCED LANDING BEHIND ENEMY LINES, THE JEEPS ESCAPED DISGUISED AS A HORSE! ---THEY'RE GOING TO TRY IT AGAIN---

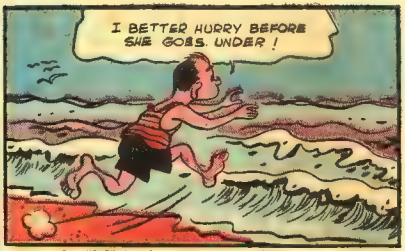

THIS MAY BE A GOOD SCHEME, BUT WHY KEEP THE ENGINE TURNING?
THAT'LL KEEP THE MOTOR HOT IF WE HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY__ WE'LL HIDE THE PLANE IN THE WOODS AND THEN SCOUT AROUND.



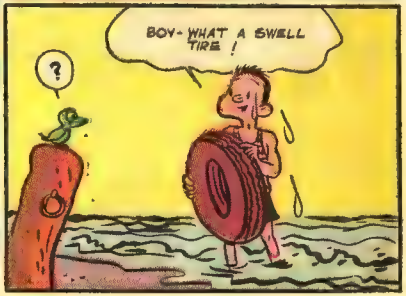
SO HERE IS DER PLAN FOR DER GRAND STRATEGY!! SHOWS HOW WE CONQUER DER WORLD FOR DER MASTER RACE--- UND RESERVE DER SOUTH POLE, MAYBE FOR ANYBODY ELSE!!
HA! BUT WHO ISS DOT HORSE?


CALL DER GUARD! SURROUND HIM!
SO! DOT HORSE ISS A SPY!
I DENY THAT!
KEEP CLIMBING ... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!!
HOW CAN HE DENY IT WHEN WE SAW HIM EAT DER PAPERS!
WE'LL TRY TO ESCAPE OVER THAT ROOF!!
OOPS! MY FOOT SLIPPED
I'M A BRAVE MAN, BUT CHUMPING HORSES ISS TOO MUCH!
OW!
ACH! HE DIVE-BOMBED US!
DOT HORSE AGAIN!
MAKE FOR THAT THICKET!
HALT!
GIVE DER PASSWORD!
DID HE GIVE US DER SHLIP?!
THERE GOES DER GRAND STRATEGY! ACH!... HOW I HATE DOT HORSE!!

SILLY WILLY
?


I BETTER HURRY BEFORE SHE GOES UNDER !

BLUB
AH - I'VE GOT YOU !


BOY - WHAT A SWELL TIRE !
?

BIGGEST AND BEST!
THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- 96 PAGES OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED --- AND THE ONLY MAGAZINE CONTAINING BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!
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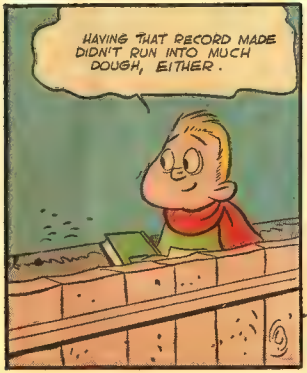
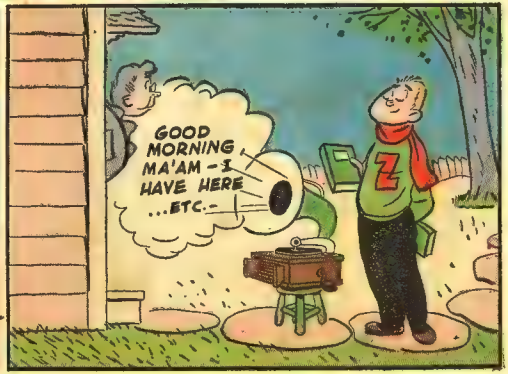
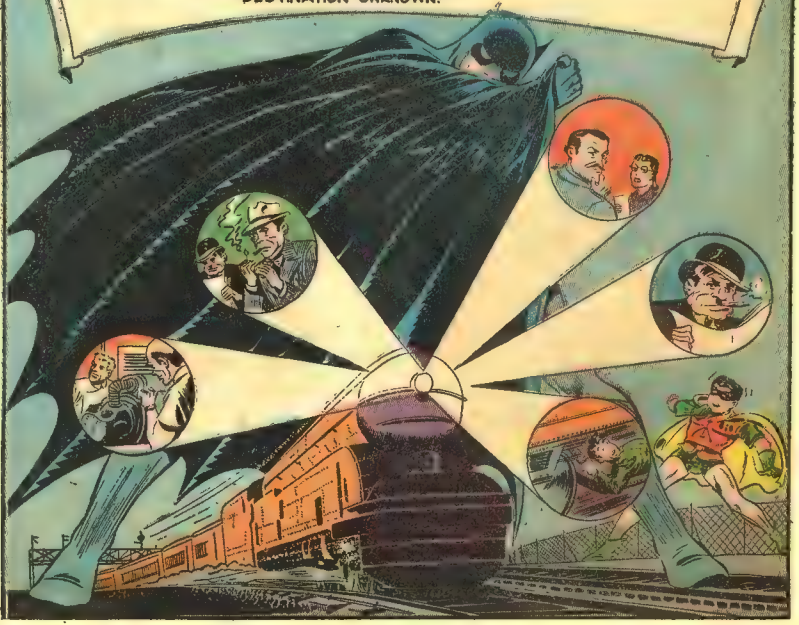
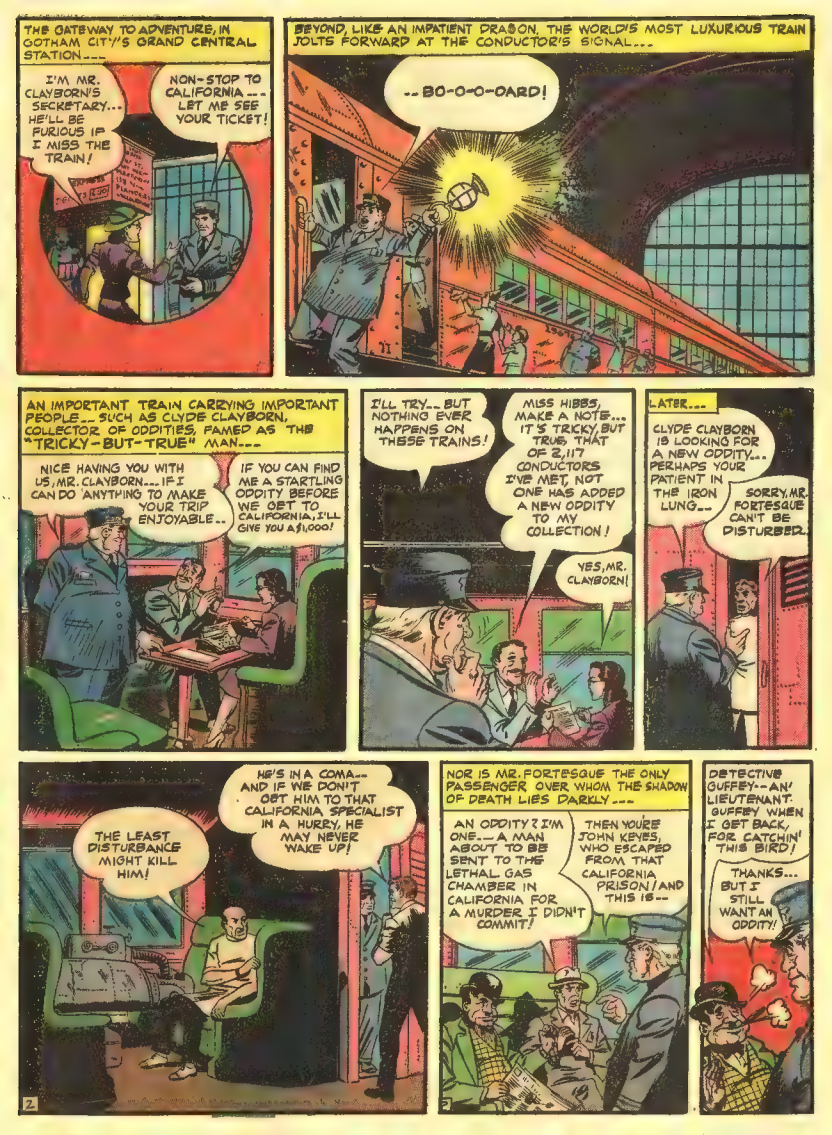


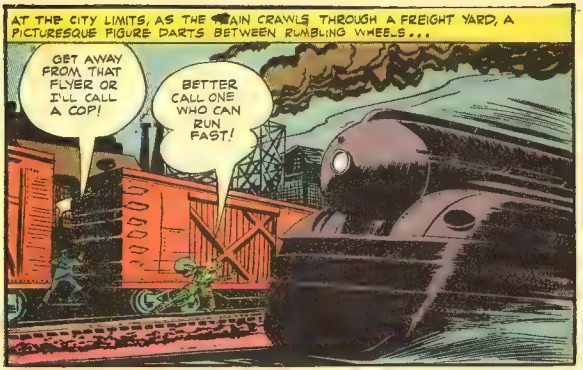


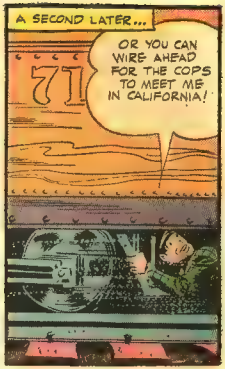
BATMAN WITH ROBIN

ALL-L-L ABO-O-O-OARD FOR THE SURPRISE TRIP OF YOUR LIFE--
WITH AS WEIRD AN ASSORTMENT OF FELLOW-PASSENGERS AS EVER RODE A CRACK TRANSCONTINENTAL FLYER! MEET THE TRAGIC YOUNG PRISONER BOUND FOR THE LETHAL GAS CHAMBER--- THE RICH AND RENOWNED "**TRICKY-BUT-TRUE**" MAN---THE STRANGELY SILENT FIGURE IN THE IRON LUNG...THE OVER-AMBITIOUS DETECTIVE...AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, THE MYSTERIOUS HOBO RIDING THE RODS!... THE BELL CLANGS, THE WHISTLE SHRILLS THE HAND OF FATE YANKS THE THROTTLE WIDE... AND IT TAKES ALL THE STEELY NERVE AND SMASHING STRENGTH OF THE BATTLING **BATMAN** AND THE DAREDEVIL **ROBIN** TO CHECK A ROARING DASH TO DISASTER IN THIS SUPER-SPEED STORY--
"**DESTINATION UNKNOWN!**"

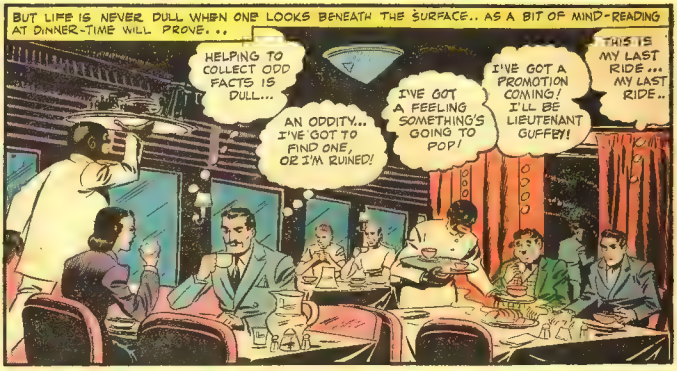


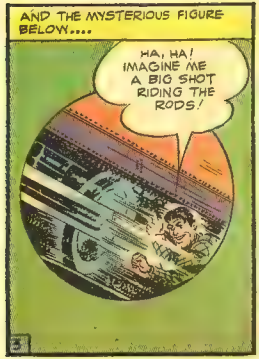

THE GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE, IN GOTHAM CITY'S GRAND CENTRAL STATION---
I'M MR. CLAYBORN'S SECKETARY... HE'LL BE FURIOUS IF I MISS THE TRAIN!
NON-STOP TO CALIFORNIA --- LET ME SEE YOUR TICKET!
BEYOND, LIKE AN IMPATIENT DRAGON, THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS TRAIN JOLTS FORWARD AT THE CONDUCTOR'S SIGNAL---
--BO-O-O-OARD!
AN IMPORTANT TRAIN CARRYING IMPORTANT PEOPLE... SUCH AS CLYDE CLAYBORN, COLLECTOR OF ODDITIES, FAMED AS THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN---
NICE HAVING YOU WITH US, MR. CLAYBORN--- IF I CAN DO ANYTHING TO MAKE YOUR TRIP ENJOYABLE--
IF YOU CAN FIND ME A STARTLING ODDITY BEFORE WE GET TO CALIFORNIA, I'LL GIVE YOU A $1,000!
I'LL TRY--BUT NOTHING EVER HAPPENS ON THESE TRAINS!
MISS HIBBS, MAKE A NOTE... IT'S TRICKY, BUT TRUE, THAT OF 2,117 CONDUCTORS I'VE MET, NOT ONE HAS ADDED A NEW ODDITY TO MY COLLECTION!
YES, MR. CLAYBORN!
LATER---
CLYDE CLAYBORN IS LOOKING FOR A NEW ODDITY... PERHAPS YOUR PATIENT IN THE IRON LUNG--
SORRY, MR. FORTESQUE CAN'T BE DISTURBED.
THE LEAST DISTURBANCE MIGHT KILL HIM!
HE'S IN A COMA-- AND IF WE DON'T GET HIM TO THAT CALIFORNIA SPECIALIST IN A HURRY, HE MAY NEVER WAKE UP!
2
NOR IS MR. FORTESQUE THE ONLY PASSENGER OVER WHOM THE SHADOW OF DEATH LIES DARKLY ---
AN ODDITY? I'M ONE--- A MAN ABOUT TO BE SENT TO THE LETHAL GAS CHAMBER IN CALIFORNIA FOR A MURDER I DIDN'T COMMIT!
THEN YOU'RE JOHN KEYES, WHO ESCAPED FROM THAT CALIFORNIA PRISON! AND THIS IS--
DETECTIVE GUFFEY--AN' LIEUTENANT GUFFEY WHEN I GET BACK FOR CATCHIN' THIS BIRD!
THANKS... BUT I STILL WANT AN ODDITY!

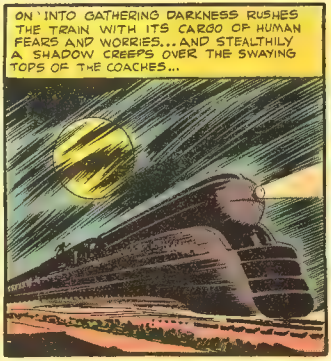

AT THE CITY LIMITS, AS THE TRAIN CRAWLS THROUGH A FREIGHT YARD, A PICTURESQUE FIGURE DARTS BETWEEN RUMBLING WHEELS...
GET AWAY FROM THAT FLYER OR I'LL CALL A COP!
BETTER CALL ONE WHO CAN RUN FAST!


A SECOND LATER...
71
OR YOU CAN WIRE AHEAD FOR THE COPS TO MEET ME IN CALIFORNIA!

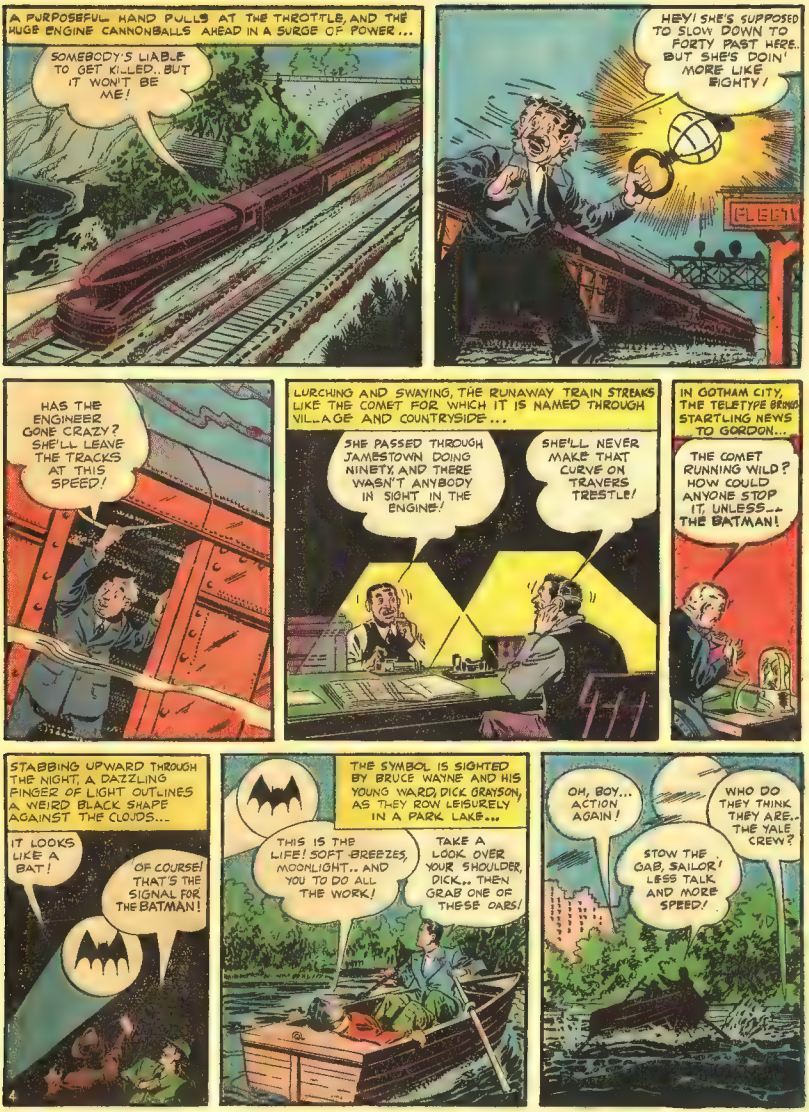
HOW CAN I GET AN ODDITY FOR CLAYBORN WHEN THIS TRIP IS EXACTLY LIKE ALL THE OTHERS? LIFE IS PRETTY DULL FOR US RAILROAD MEN!

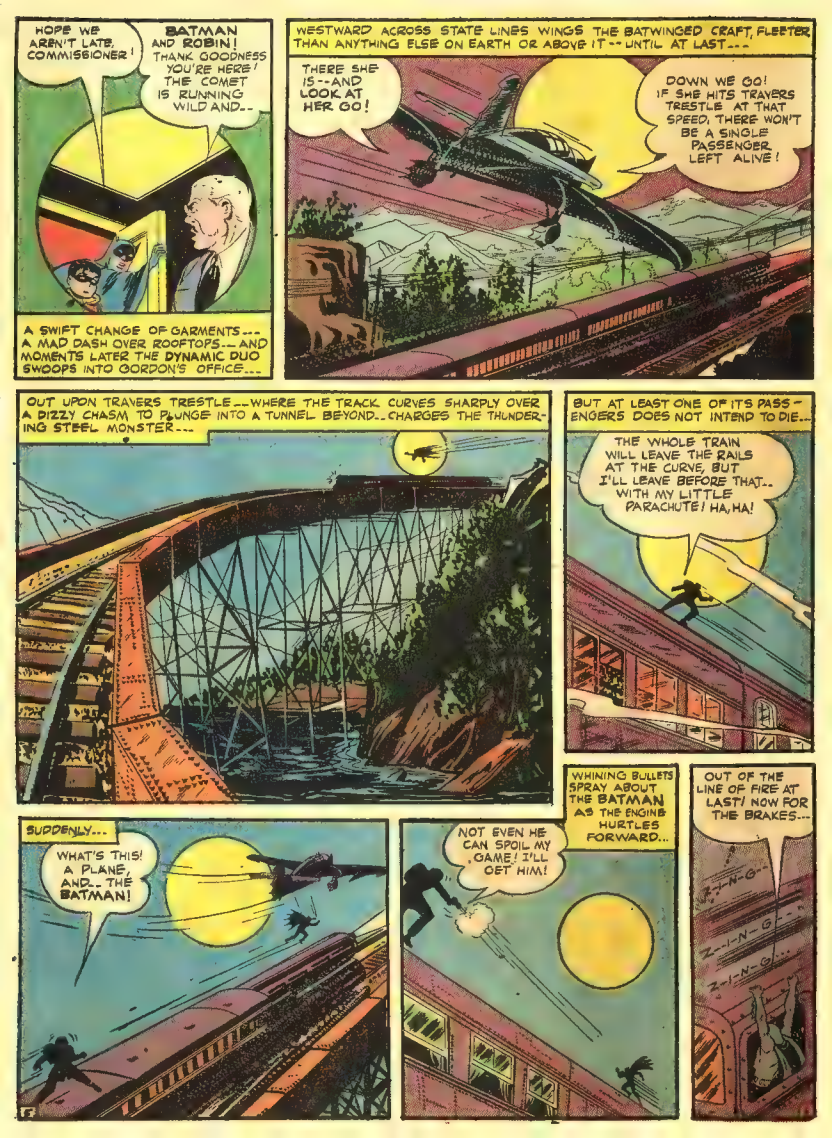

BUT LIFE IS NEVER DULL WHEN ONE LOOKS BENEATH THE SURFACE.. AS A BIT OF MIND-READING AT DINNER-TIME WILL PROVE...
HELPING TO COLLECT ODD FACTS IS DULL...
AN ODDITY... I'VE GOT TO FIND ONE, OR I'M RUINED!
I'VE GOT A FEELING SOMETHING'S GOING TO POP!
I'VE GOT A PROMOTION COMING! I'LL BE LIEUTENANT GUFFEY!
THIS IS MY LAST RIDE... MY LAST RIDE..


AND THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE BELOW....
HA, HA! IMAGINE ME A BIG SHOT RIDING THE RODS!
3

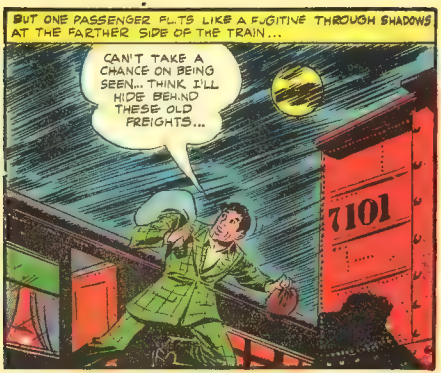

ON INTO GATHERING DARKNESS RUSHES THE TRAIN WITH ITS CARGO OF HUMAN FEARS AND WORRIES... AND STEALTHILY A SHADOW CREEPS OVER THE SWAYING TOPS OF THE COACHES...

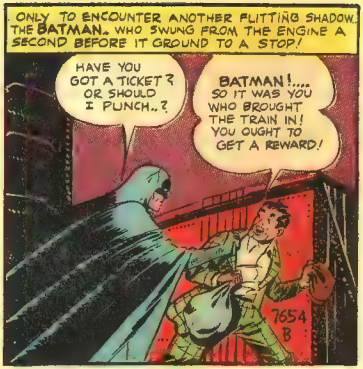
THE NEXT INSTANT, AS THE ENGINEER TURNS...
WHA..? UOH...
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING TOO HARD... TAKE A NAP-


A PURPOSEFUL HAND PULLS AT THE THROTTLE, AND THE HUGE ENGINE CANNONBALLS AHEAD IN A SURGE OF POWER...
SOMEBODY'S LIABLE TO GET KILLED, BUT IT WON'T BE ME!
HEY! SHE'S SUPPOSED TO SLOW DOWN TO FORTY PAST HERE.. BUT SHE'S DOIN' MORE LIKE EIGHTY!
HAS THE ENGINEER GONE CRAZY? SHE'LL LEAVE THE TRACKS AT THIS SPEED!
LURCHING AND SWAYING, THE RUNAWAY TRAIN STREAKS LIKE THE COMET FOR WHICH IT IS NAMED THROUGH VILLAGE AND COUNTRYSIDE...
SHE PASSED THROUGH JAMESTOWN DOING NINETY, AND THERE WASN'T ANYBODY IN SIGHT IN THE ENGINE!
SHE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT CURVE ON TRAVERS TRESTLE!
IN GOTHAM CITY, THE TELETYPE BRINGS STARTLING NEWS TO GORDON...
THE COMET RUNNING WILD? HOW COULD ANYONE STOP IT, UNLESS... THE BATMAN!
STABBING UPWARD THROUGH THE NIGHT, A DAZZLING FINGER OF LIGHT OUTLINES A WEIRD BLACK SHAPE AGAINST THE CLOUDS...
IT LOOKS LIKE A BAT!
OF COURSE! THAT'S THE SIGNAL FOR THE BATMAN!
THE SYMBOL IS SIGHTED BY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON, AS THEY ROW LEISURELY IN A PARK LAKE...
THIS IS THE LIFE! SOFT BREEZES, MOONLIGHT.. AND YOU TO DO ALL THE WORK!
TAKE A LOOK OVER YOUR SHOULDER, DICK.. THEN GRAB ONE OF THESE OARS!
OH, BOY... ACTION AGAIN!
WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE.. THE YALE CREW?
STOW THE GAB, SAILOR! LESS TALK AND MORE SPEED!


HOPE WE AREN'T LATE, COMMISSIONER!
BATMAN AND ROBIN! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! THE COMET IS RUNNING WILD AND--
A SWIFT CHANGE OF GARMENTS--- A MAD DASH OVER ROOFTOPS--- AND MOMENTS LATER THE DYNAMIC DUO SWOOPS INTO GORDON'S OFFICE---
WESTWARD ACROSS STATE LINES WINGS THE BATWINGED CRAFT, FLEETER THAN ANYTHING ELSE ON EARTH OR ABOVE IT -- UNTIL AT LAST---
THERE SHE IS--AND LOOK AT HER GO!
DOWN WE GO! IF SHE HITS TRAVERS TRESTLE AT THAT SPEED, THERE WON'T BE A SINGLE PASSENGER LEFT ALIVE!
OUT UPON TRAVERS TRESTLE--WHERE THE TRACK CURVES SHARPLY OVER A DIZZY CHASM TO PLUNGE INTO A TUNNEL BEYOND--CHARGES THE THUNDERING STEEL MONSTER---
BUT AT LEAST ONE OF ITS PASSENGERS DOES NOT INTEND TO DIE...
THE WHOLE TRAIN WILL LEAVE THE RAILS AT THE CURVE, BUT I'LL LEAVE BEFORE THAT.. WITH MY LITTLE PARACHUTE! HA, HA!
SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S THIS! A PLANE, AND.. THE BATMAN!
NOT EVEN HE CAN SPOIL MY GAME! I'LL GET HIM!
WHINING BULLETS SPRAY ABOUT THE BATMAN AS THE ENGINE HURTLES FORWARD..
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE AT LAST! NOW FOR THE BRAKES--
Z-I-N-G--
Z-I-N-G--
Z-I-N-G--

FIRST TO SHUT THE ELECTRIC CURRENT... NOW TO PUT ON THE AIR BRAKES,, GRADUALLY, SO THE WHEELS WON'T RIP UP THE TRACK!
METAL SHRIEKS DEAFENINGLY AS BRAKE SHOES GRIP... THE LONG TRAIN DANCES CRAZILY... BUT THE FLANGED WHEELS HOLD THE RAILS!
THE DANGER AVERTED, BATMAN TURNS AND FINDS...
THE MOTORMAN SLUGGED! THAT MEANS SOMEONE DELIBERATELY TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN!... THAT MAN WITH THE GUN, WEARING A PARACHUTE PACK...
HIS BELT RADIO SPEEDS A MESSAGE TO THE SOARING ROBIN...
CALLING ROBIN! WE'VE GOT A HUNT FOR WRECKERS ON OUR HANDS! MEET ME AT GOPHER JUNCTION! LISTEN.. HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...
CALLING BATMAN! MESSAGE RECEIVED! SAVE ME SOME EXCITEMENT... OR ELSE!
GOPHER JUNCTION, ORDINARILY A WHISTLE STOP, TONIGHT IS THE SCENE OF TENSE EXCITEMENT...
IT'S THE COMET! NEVER THOUGHT SHE'D MAKE IT AT THE RATE SHE WAS TRAVELING!
SHE'S STOPPING! NOW WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT WENT WRONG!
BUT THE MYSTERY REMAINS AS DEEP AS EVER!
THE ENGINEER'S OUT COLD!.. NO, HE'S REVIVING...
WH-WHERE AM I?... SOMEONE HIT ME!...
HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR.. HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING!
ALL I KNOW IS, I THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS! WE STARTED RUNNING WIDE OPEN, AND EVERYBODY WAS SHAKEN UP, AND...
BUT IF THE ENGINEER WAS UNCONSCIOUS, WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN SAFELY?
G.
STILL FRIGHTENED BY THE RUNAWAY, THE PASSENGERS FORM A TALKATIVE GROUP ON THE STATION PLATFORM...
I'LL BET I MISSED A GOOD "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" ITEM! WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN? WHO SAVED US?
DON'T ASK ME... I'M TRYING TO FORGET THAT EXPERIENCE!


BUT ONE PASSENGER FLITS LIKE A FUGITIVE THROUGH SHADOWS AT THE FARTHER SIDE OF THE TRAIN...
CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON BEING SEEN... THINK I'LL HIDE BEHIND THESE OLD FREIGHTS...
7101

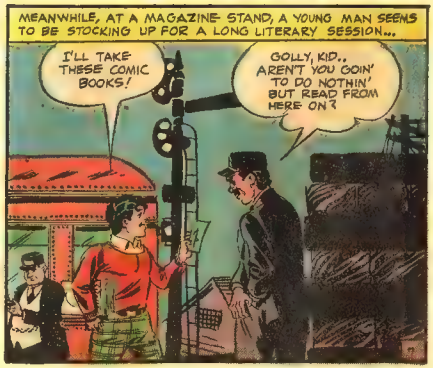

ONLY TO ENCOUNTER ANOTHER FLITTING SHADOW, THE BATMAN, WHO SWUNG FROM THE ENGINE A SECOND BEFORE IT GROUND TO A STOP!
HAVE YOU GOT A TICKET? OR SHOULD I PUNCH..?
BATMAN!.... SO IT WAS YOU WHO BROUGHT THE TRAIN IN! YOU OUGHT TO GET A REWARD!
7654 B

I DON'T TAKE REWARDS... BUT IF I DID, I MIGHT COLLECT ONE FOR TURNING YOU OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES!
NOT GUILTY, BATMAN! I WAS HANGING ONTO THE RODS, SCARED TO DEATH, WHEN WE HIT THE TRESTLE!
I HOPE HE BELIEVES ME!

WHEN A FELLOW'S DOWN AND OUT, I NEVER KICK HIM! I'LL TAKE YOUR WORD.. TILL I DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!
THEN WHY ARE YOU TYING ME UP?

SO I'LL KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU IF I CHANGE MY MIND! YOU LOOK HONEST.. BUT TRAIN-WRECKING IS SOMETHING I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH.... AH! THE BAGGAGEMAN'S OUT!
1701

SHUCKING HIS FIGHTING GARB, THE BATMAN DISAPPEARS.. AND A MOMENT LATER BRUCE WAYNE STANDS AT THE TICKET WINDOW AT THE STATION..
LUCKY FOR ME' THIS TRAIN STOPPED HERE... I'LL TAKE A TICKET THROUGH TO THE END OF THE RUN!
HERE Y'ARE!
G J


MEANWHILE, AT A MAGAZINE STAND, A YOUNG MAN SEEMS TO BE STOCKING UP FOR A LONG LITERARY SESSION...
I'LL TAKE THESE COMIC BOOKS!
GOLLY, KID.. AREN'T YOU GOIN' TO DO NOTHIN' BUT READ FROM HERE ON?

AND IN THE BAGGAGE CAR...
WHERE'S THE BAGGAGEMAN? MR. CLAYBORN WANTS A BOOK FROM HIS TRUNK AND.. OH!... A MAN.. BOUND AND GAGGED!
MMMFFF! URGLE...
OH, YOU POOR FELLOW! WHO DID IT? THE MAN WHO TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN?
YOU'RE A LIFE-SAVER, MISS! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE! IF YOU'LL UNTIE ME...
A MOMENT LATER...
A MILLION THANKS! NEXT TIME WE MEET, I'LL TELL YOU HOW PRETTY YOU ARE... BUT RIGHT NOW I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF SIGHT!
WAIT! WHO ARE YOU? HOW DO I KNOW..?
WHAT IF I DID WRONG? WHAT IF HE WAS THE TRAIN-WRECKER HIMSELF? AFTER ALL, HE'S RAGGED.. JUST A HOBO..: BUT HE HAD THE NICEST EYES...
NICE EYES, PERHAPS.... BUT A PURPOSEFUL GLINT SHINES IN THEM AS THE TRAIN RESUMES ITS FATEFUL JOURNEY...
HERE WE GO AGAIN... FROM NOW ON, I'LL HAVE TO KEEP MY EYES PEELED FOR THE BATMAN!
IN THE OBSERVATION COACH...
MR. WAYNE, I'VE HEARD OF YOU... YOU DON'T KNOW OF AN ODDITY I COULD PASS ON TO THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN, DO YOU?
THERE ISN'T MUCH EXCITEMENT IN MY LIFE, BUT I'LL TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING!
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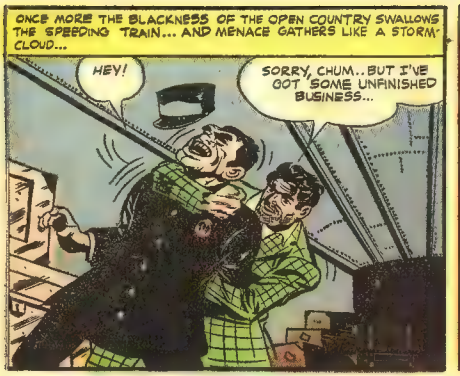
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, BOY? I'LL HAVE TO PUT YOU OFF!
IT'S ALL RIGHT, CONDUCTOR. ...THE KID MAY NOT BE BRIGHT, BUT HE LOOKS HONEST... I'LL PAY HIS FARE!
WELL.. ALL RIGHT, THEN!
THAT'S MY FAVORITE MAGAZINE!
GEE, THANKS, MISTER... JUST FOR THAT, HERE'S A FREE COPY!
8


ONCE MORE THE BLACKNESS OF THE OPEN COUNTRY SWALLOWS THE SPEEDING TRAIN... AND MENACE GATHERS LIKE A STORM CLOUD...
HEY!
SORRY, CHUM.. BUT I'VE GOT SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS...

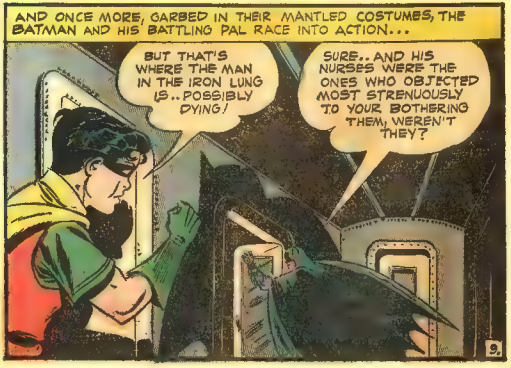
THE BOASTFUL DETECTIVE GUFFEY IS "BLACKED OUT" ALSO...

SCOUTING THROUGH THE TRAIN IN HIS ROLE AS A SALESMAN OF EXCITING STORIES, ROBIN LOOKS AND LISTENS FOR INFORMATION...
HE WAS TIED, AND I'M NOT SURE I SHOULD HAVE SET HIM FREE.. HE LOOKED SO NICE, EVEN WITHOUT A SHAVE!
BUY A MAGAZINE, SIR?
WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE TIED UP?
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE ROMANTIC, MISS HIBBS. HE MAY BE DANGEROUS!
HUH? WHY.. ER.. YES, BOY! IT MAY GIVE ME AN ODDITY!

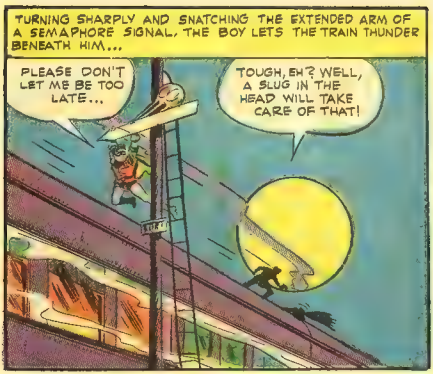
BUY A.. HEY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SAY, NO!
BEAT IT, BRAT! HERE WE'RE TRYING TO TAKE CARE OF A DYING MAN, AND EVERYBODY BARGES IN ON US!

READ ABOUT THE.. OH, OH! THE DETECTIVE'S KNOCKED OUT, AND HIS PRISONER'S GONE! THIS IS BAD!

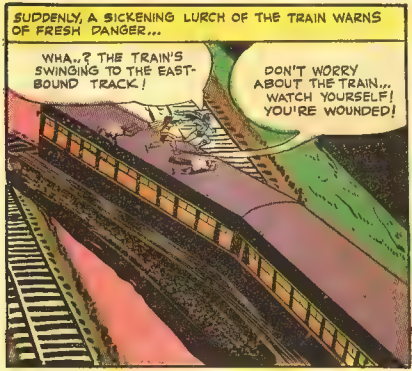
LATER... DICK FINDS BRUCE ALONE.. AND...
... AND THAT'S ALL I COULD FIND OUT! OF COURSE, IF I'D BEEN BRIGHTER...
YOU'LL DO, FELLA.. PROVIDING YOU TURN INTO ROBIN IN A HURRY AND FOLLOW ME TO MY COMPARTMENT!
7

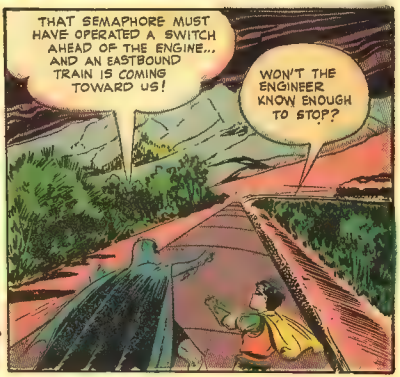

AND ONCE MORE, GARBED IN THEIR MANTLED COSTUMES, THE BATMAN AND HIS BATTLING PAL RACE INTO ACTION...
BUT THAT'S WHERE THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG IS.. POSSIBLY DYING!
SURE.. AND HIS NURSES WERE THE ONES WHO OBJECTED MOST STRENUOUSLY TO YOUR BOTHERING THEM, WEREN'T THEY?
9.

DEATH HAS INDEED COME CLOSE TO THE MAN IN THE IRON LUNG... FOR THE NEXT INSTANT...
NOT OXYGEN.. POISON GAS! IN ANOTHER MINUTE, HE'D HAVE BEEN DEAD!
THE NURSES.. THEY'VE GONE! AND THE WINDOWS ARE OPEN!
THAT FELLOW WILL LIVE, AND THE NURSES COULDN'T HAVE JUMPED OFF AT THIS SPEED! I'M GOING UP ON TOP! YOU GO FORWARD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!
RIGHT!
CLAMBERING PRECARIOUSLY OVER THE SWAYING TOP OF THE COACH, THE BATMAN SIGHTS.. AND IS SIGHTED BY.. HIS QUARRY!
THE BATMAN AGAIN! I MISSED HIM BEFORE.. BUT THIS TIME I WON'T!
BETTER SHOOT FAST, THEN, RAT!
A PANTHER- SWIFT LUNGE OF A TRAINED, POWERFUL FRAME, AND...
SHUT YOUR EYES, BATMAN...
HANG ON WHEN YOU'RE HIT, OR THE JAIL AT THE END OF THE LINE WILL BE OUT A CUSTOMER!
I'D RATHER FALL OFF THAN GET HIT AGAIN!
BUT NOT EVEN THE BATMAN'S LIGHTNING SPEED CAN OUTMATCH BLASTING LEAD. AND THE CRIMINAL'S BULLET STRIKES WITH PILE-DRIVER FORCE!
...I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
CRACK!
OOOHHH-H-H... HE'S GOT ME...
FAR TOWARD THE FRONT OF THE TRAIN, ROBIN HEARS THE BARK OF THE SHOT...
A SHOT! AND THE BATMAN'S HIT! I..I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
5713 77067
10


TURNING SHARPLY AND SNATCHING THE EXTENDED ARM OF A SEMAPHORE SIGNAL, THE BOY LETS THE TRAIN THUNDER BENEATH HIM...
PLEASE DON'T LET ME BE TOO LATE...
TOUGH, EH? WELL, A SLUG IN THE HEAD WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

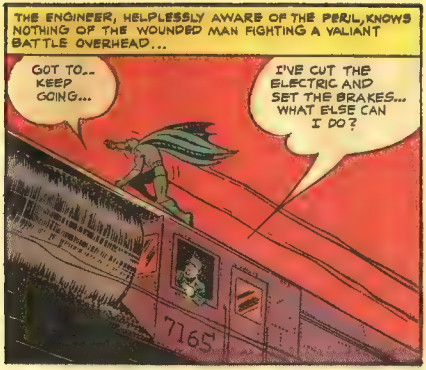
LOW BRIDGE.. BUT NOT LOWER THAN YOU!
Y-III!
ROBIN! SAVED MY... LIFE...


SUDDENLY, A SICKENING LURCH OF THE TRAIN WARNS OF FRESH DANGER...
WHA..? THE TRAIN'S SWINGING TO THE EASTBOUND TRACK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE TRAIN... WATCH YOURSELF! YOU'RE WOUNDED!

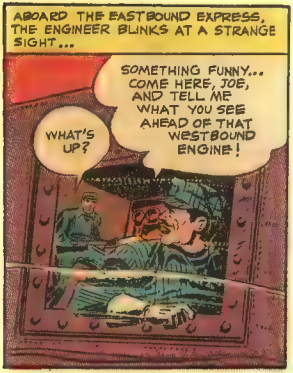

THAT SEMAPHORE MUST HAVE OPERATED A SWITCH AHEAD OF THE ENGINE... AND AN EASTBOUND TRAIN IS COMING TOWARD US!
WON'T THE ENGINEER KNOW ENOUGH TO STOP?

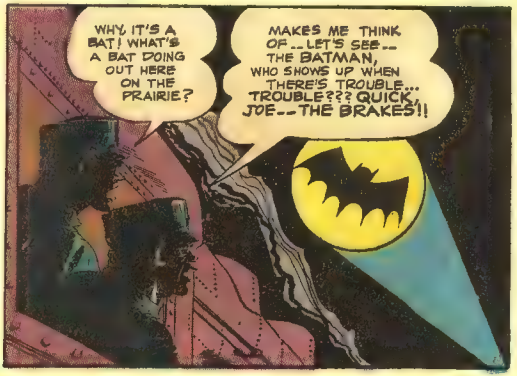
OF COURSE--BUT THE TRACKS ARE CURVED, AND THE ENGINEER OF THE OTHER TRAIN WON'T KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED TILL TOO LATE!
BUT BATMAN--YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT, WOUNDED LIKE THAT! BESIDES, WHAT CAN YOU DO?

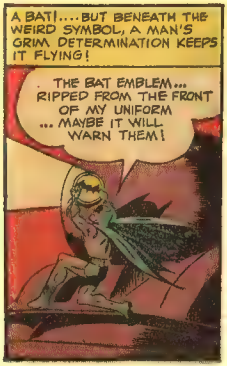
WITHOUT A WAY OF SIGNALING THE ON-RUSHING TRAIN, HOW CAN BATMAN PREVENT A HEAD-ON CRASH? YET DOGGEDLY HE STRUGGLES FORWARD...
GOT TO MAKE IT... GOT TO...

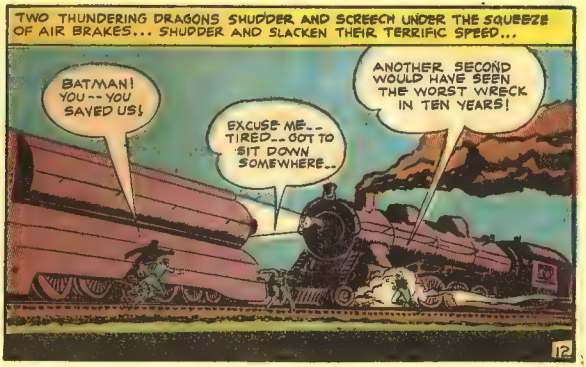

THE ENGINEER, HELPLESSLY AWARE OF THE PERIL, KNOWS NOTHING OF THE WOUNDED MAN FIGHTING A VALIANT BATTLE OVERHEAD...
GOT TO-- KEEP GOING...
I'VE CUT THE ELECTRIC AND SET THE BRAKES... WHAT ELSE CAN I DO?
7165

NOW HE LOWERS HIMSELF TO THE COWCATCHER!... BUT WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, EXCEPT THAT BATMAN WILL BE THE FIRST TO DIE WHEN STEEL MEETS STEEL IN THUNDERING CHAOS?...
AT LAST... IF ONLY I'M IN TIME...


ABOARD THE EASTBOUND EXPRESS, THE ENGINEER BLINKS AT A STRANGE SIGHT...
WHAT'S UP?
SOMETHING FUNNY... COME HERE, JOE, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE AHEAD OF THAT WESTBOUND ENGINE!


WHY, IT'S A BAT! WHAT'S A BAT DOING OUT HERE ON THE PRAIRIE?
MAKES ME THINK OF... LET'S SEE-- THE BATMAN, WHO SHOWS UP WHEN THERE'S TROUBLE... TROUBLE??? QUICK, JOE--THE BRAKES!!


A BAT!... BUT BENEATH THE WEIRD SYMBOL, A MAN'S GRIM DETERMINATION KEEPS IT FLYING!
THE BAT EMBLEM... RIPPED FROM THE FRONT OF MY UNIFORM ... MAYBE IT WILL WARN THEM!


TWO THUNDERING DRAGONS SHUDDER AND SCREECH UNDER THE SQUEEZE OF AIR BRAKES... SHUDDER AND SLACKEN THEIR TERRIFIC SPEED...
BATMAN! YOU -- YOU SAVED US!
EXCUSE ME-- TIRED-- GOT TO SIT DOWN SOMEWHERE...
ANOTHER SECOND WOULD HAVE SEEN THE WORST WRECK IN TEN YEARS!

"DESTINATION UNKNOWN." WE HAVE CALLED THIS STORY OF A GROUP OF VERY HUMAN BEINGS, ALL IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING... ...AND NOW, AS REPORTERS FLOCK AROUND, LET US SEE WHETHER THEIR QUESTS WERE SUCCESSFUL...
JOHN KEYES, NO LONGER A MURDER SUSPECT, IS INTERVIEWED...
I TOLD THEM I WAS INNOCENT! I ESCAPED, WENT EAST--AND FOUND CERTAIN EVIDENCE WHICH I HOPED WOULD WIN ME A NEW TRIAL...
TODAY THE WHOLE WORLD WILL KNOW YOU WERE INNOCENT!
DETECTIVE DUFFEY, THE AMBITIOUS SLEUTH...
I CAUGHT KEYES, AND THOUGHT I'D GET PROMOTED FOR THAT... BUT IT LOOKED BAD WHEN THOSE CROOKS SLUGGED ME, TOOK MY PRISONER! BUT ALL'S WELL NOW, SINCE I NABBED THEM!
TRIGGER YURK AND BIFF BOLTON DIDN'T GET WHAT THEY WERE AFTER, BUT THEY'LL GET WHAT THEY DESERVE...
LISTEN TO THAT COPPER BRAG! IT WAS THE BATMAN WHO GRABBED US, AFTER WE'D SNATCHED KEYES AND TRIED TO KILL HIM IN THE IRON LUNG, WHICH HELD ONLY A WAX DUMMY!
WE TRIED TO WRECK THE TRAIN! AFTER SLUGGING THE ENGINEER, I WAS ALL SET TO JUMP, AS WAS MY PAL ON THE OTHER END! ...WHEN BATMAN STOPPED US, WE SNATCHED KEYES BECAUSE WE WERE AFRAID OF HIS NEW EVIDENCE...YOU SEE, WE DID THE MURDER HE WAS ACCUSED OF!
AND LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE!
MISS HIBBS, IS IT TRUE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO MARRY THIS --ER-- HOBO?
HOBO? HE'S KEN THORNE, PRESIDENT OF THIS RAILROAD! HE GOT SICK OF HIS JOB AND DECIDED TO LOOK FOR ADVENTURE--JUST AS I DID...AND WE MET IN THE BAGGAGE COACH!
THE "TRICKY-BUT-TRUE" MAN'S WORRIES ARE OVER...
I'VE LOST A SECRETARY--BUT LOOK AT THE ODDITIES I'VE GOT! MILLIONAIRE TURNS HOBO, WINS WORKING GIRL! BATMAN SAVES TRAIN SINGLE-HANDED! CROOKS PLAN TO USE LIFE-SAVING IRON LUNG AS INSTRUMENT OF MURDER!
YOUR NEW RADIO PROGRAM SHOULD BE A WOW!
CLICK!
BOB KANE
AS FOR THE BORED CONDUCTOR...
HO-HUM! WHAT A LIFE! FORTY YEARS OF CARTING FOLKS BACK AND FORTH--AND NOTHING EVER HAPPENS!
THE END
13

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Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age.....
Miss
(Circle title and please print)

Address ..... Apt. No.....

City & State ..... Zip.....